AMERICA WINS!

NOVEMBER 14
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NEW MASSES

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

MARGE DE ARMAND, whose fine hand and warm spirit used to shape the columns of this department, is off to Southern California to serve as our West Coast editor. In addition to her editorial chores she kept this page filled with informal, personal items of interest to both editors and readers. Occasionally a bit of biographical data on other editors was included. When they (the other editors) would demur over this practice, reluctant to be talked about, Marge De Armand would point out that the march of events was never nourished by undue modesty. We hope she meant it, because now we are going to say a few things about her.

Miss De Armand came to NEW MASSES from the book and magazine field. She grew up and went to college in the midwest. In Davenport, Iowa, she owned and operated a bookstore, and was one of the leaders in the progressive little theater movement that sprang up throughout the region. In further pursuit of this interest she came to New York, and soon became active in the New Theater League. But she had to look elsewhere for her victuals, and these were supplied by the publishing business. She came to NM four years ago, and later became editor of the "Review and Comment" and "Sights and Sounds" departments. Keeping after elusive book reviewers, extracting copy *on time* from drama, dance, movie, art, and music critics, requires a tact and persuasiveness that any diplomat would be glad to call his own. These qualities, together with a nose for news, an eye for detail, and a feeling for people, gives Miss De Armand all that she will need to do a bang-up job in her new editorial capacity. That does not mean that she will not need help from our friends out west. She will: the job will require cooperation and lots of it. In a sense it is pioneering work, for though NM has a flourishing West Coast circulation, the southern part of California is a new frontier.

Los Angeles has become, since the war, the third largest city in the country. Her population and industry have increased by leaps and bounds. In the rapidity of attendant changes, L. A. has taken on some of the characteristics of a boom town. Not so long ago, come eleven PM Hollywood Boulevard was as deserted as any small town main street on a Saturday night after the visiting farmers go home. Today it resembles Times Square after the shows let out. If you think it is difficult to get a place to live in New York, you should try hunting an apartment in L.A. You will settle for a treetop with gratitude. I mention these charming inducements, should you desire to pull up stakes, only to point out that Los Angeles is one of the coming communities in the postwar world. To hear the natives tell it, it will undoubtedly become *the* world's leading cultural and industrial center. Already it has captured most of America's writers. After the war, when trade with China, India, and the Soviet East begins to develop, such vast markets will develop as to make the Atlantic coast a secondary matter. Maybe. Maybe not. Which end of the country sticks out most prominently is not the concern of this department. We merely note that a great deal of the change and development that will occur will be concentrated on the West Coast.

And that brings us back to Marge De Armand. True to our traditions and objectives, NM must be on the spot to record, reflect, and interpret these future developments. Incidentally, the claim of the Angelinos (natives of L.A.) that the West Coast will become the shipping center of the nation, together with the move on the part of New York businessmen to bring the movie industry east, brings up intriguing possibilities. Since location work is rapidly diminishing in favor of sound stages, weather is not such an all-important factor in movie making. Thus New York might become Hollywood and Hollywood New York. (Imagine palm trees lining Times Square.)

Marge De Armand will be ready for your articles and suggestions in about a month. This refers not only to the inhabitants of Southern California, but of San Francisco, Oakland, Seattle, and the "back country" of Arizona and Nevada as well. We on the staff wish her well in her new undertaking. With your help, NM will be firmly established and play its proper part in the new office, in the days ahead. Skol!

J. F.

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AMERICA WINS!

By JOSEPH NORTH

IN ALL the lands of the world, wherever there is a word for freedom, they have heard the news. The majestic roll-call of our United States is ended, the mandate is in. There is jubilation in every capital and in every hamlet of the world. And nowhere is the joy greater than on the bomb-torn beaches of the Philippines and amidst the rubble on the highroads to Cologne, everywhere the stout-hearted GI Joes slog on toward V-Day. For a triumph has been won that is, in many ways, more epochal than the greatest military triumph. The enemy which America battles abroad has been routed at home.

For the second time in eighty years our people have marched to the polls in a war-torn year, and this time, as in 1864, they have reiterated confidence in their Commander-in-Chief. The Union which chose Abraham Lincoln has chosen Franklin Delano Roosevelt. And well may General Eisenhower feel, as General Grant felt, that the battle of the polls was greater than a great battle won in the field. Today, as in Grant's time, America has repudiated the concealed partisans of a compromised peace: in 1864 it rejected the Northern friends of Jefferson Davis, today it scorned those who adopted *Mein Kampf* as a campaign handbook.

A campaign marked by the bitterest calumny of our generation is over, the ramparts of hate have been breached. The people have swarmed over Dewey's Siegfried Line in their irresistible surge toward a greater America in a peaceful world. They were not bamboozled into the blind alley of yesterday—back to Hoover and Harding. Instead they bypassed every booby-trap set in their path: the decisive majority recognized double-talk when they heard it—knew that isolationism cannot be confounded with internationalism. They did not mistake the edifice of Teheran for the Chicago *Tribune* Tower.

The mandate for Roosevelt cannot be estimated by the ballot count alone: in reality many more millions take their stand at his side than the polls disclosed. Some seven millions of our citizenry were rooked of their say by Republican charlatanry. And millions of our working class voters whose patriotism has been exemplary were unable to register their approval of the administration's policies because they had migrated to other parts of the republic and could not vote.

And remember this: millions who voted for Dewey did so because they succumbed to Republican double-talk. They believed that he would continue *Roosevelt's policies,* and they accepted his contention that he would do so more efficiently than the President. They are honest Americans who failed to recognize the ghoul, failed to see that Dewey had robbed Willkie's grave in his indecent masquerade as an advocate of Dumbarton Oaks. They were persuaded to believe that Dewey really meant peace and prosperity when he said it. Actually, their mandate, too, was for a continuation of all that Roosevelt stands for.

Of course, there was another group that voted for Dewey: the rabid minority of our land that sees nothing wrong in William Randolph Hearst or Elizabeth Dilling. Or for that matter, Adolf Hitler. The outlook of these desperadoes prevailed in the top-flight GOP councils. That gave the campaign its lurid qualities, its horrific Hitleresque drive. And it was this that the people decisively rejected. They are weary of the Red-baiter. They scorn the sower of suspicion against our allies; they are sick of racial and religious strife.

Yes, the decisive majority of our people, the industrious men and women who labor at the belt, or those who work in the office, or on the farm, or those moneyed men who realize that prosperity lies in a durable peace and equitable class relations, voted Roosevelt. The unity of our country forged in the fires of war proved indestructible.

It must remain so: that is the moral of this election. Though November 7 proved in tune with history's requirements, it is but one battle in the hard, grueling war to annihilate fascism, both here at home as well as abroad. The war is yet to be won: the moulding of the peace is ahead. True, we have registered heartening progress behind our Commander-in-Chief toward both objectives—but we have a long journey ahead. The road to Berlin and Tokyo is hard and bloody: the highway to a durable peace is dangerous with pitfalls. These roads have been damaged by the reckless GOP campaign: they must be repaired without loss of time.

TODAY, history demands that every American think straighter, and faster, than ever before. Once and for all the Communist bogey must be laid; once and for all the propaganda mills of the isolationists must be stopped; once and for all the theorists of race superiority must be muzzled. So long as America permits these evils to ravage our land so long will we be obliged to contend with division and strife in our ranks.

If the election campaign taught us anything it should have taught us this: that desperate men are on the prowl ready to mobilize a putsch against the will of the majority. They know no law but that of the political and economic jungle. And today we know them for what they are: America knows their names and their faces.

The sole guarantee that we shall achieve total triumph over them lies in closing our ranks, in strengthening and continuing our wartime unity. We must wage peace as we are waging war—all patriotic, freedom-loving men together.

If we understand that, if we act upon it, America's mandate of November 7 achieves immortality.

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INSIDE SPAIN

By ANTONIO MIJE

Mr. Mije was a deputy in the Spanish Cortes in 1936 *and is a member of the Spanish Communist Party's Central Committee. His article was prepared before the news arrived that Spanish Maquis had taken over some towns on the northern border and had fought with Franco militia. The article provides a key to understanding the trend of affairs within Spain and what may be expected.*

SINCE the autumn of 1943, a sequence of important political events has taken place in Spain. First, there was established the Supreme Council of National Unity (*Junta Suprema de Union Nacional*), composed of representatives of the Republican forces; later, in November 1943, the *Junta Suprema* reached an agreement with the representatives of the Spanish Catholic movement. Now, with that agreement as a basis, the People's Catholic Party (*Partido Popular Catolico*) and the Agrarian Catholic Unions have become part of the Supreme Council. This constitutes a most important step toward the integration of a fighting bloc of all the anti-Franco national forces.

In a year of activity the Supreme Council has achieved some important successes from the political point of view and also in the mobilization of the masses. The growth and broadening of the Council and the fact that it has become the rallying center for millions of Spaniards who consider it their own and are ready to fight for it, is due to its policy of national unity in the struggle for the independence of Spain and the liberation of its people. The program of the Council has a deep patriotic orientation; it takes into account the interests not only of the working class but of the peasants and the popular masses. Its program is for the entire nation. It clearly exposes the Franco regime as a satellite of Hitler and correctly points out that redemption of the country lies in the people themselves.

The initial participants of the Supreme Council—Republicans, Communists, Socialists, trade union leaders of the CNT and UGT, and national representatives of Catalonia and Euzkadi (Basque)—indicate its basic democratic character. The fact that it has established political relations and reached an agreement with the conservative Catholic forces (not contaminated with Falangists, but ready to fight against the Franco regime and working today in the underground) must be considered a great achievement. Such a bold policy shows the maturity and political vision of the working class and Republican forces, as well as their confidence in their own strength. The leadership of the Supreme Council in mobilizing the masses for their economic demands as part of the struggle for national liberation makes it possible to turn even the most insignificant demonstration, strike, or protest, into a political struggle against the present regime and the pro-Nazi forces supporting it.

Considering the bloody terror prevailing in Spain, the Supreme Council has achieved remarkable organizational effectiveness and has succeeded in establishing regional councils in Andalusia and Levante; provincial councils in Asturias, Madrid, Valencia, Toledo, Ciudad Leal, Cordova, Castellon, Huelva, Navarra, and Murcia; a National Alliance in Catalonia and Galicia; and local councils in thousands of towns and villages throughout the country. These regional, provincial, and local councils are resourceful, develop their own struggles and are live, active committees well aware of their leading role.

UNDER Council leadership important actions have taken place. After the Falangist attack against the American consul in Valencia and against the headquarters of the French Committee of Liberation in Saragossa, the regional council of Andalusia organized a demonstration before the American and British consulates where the people expressed their indignation at these Falangist provocations. It is estimated that close to 100,000 persons demonstrated on this occasion. In the market place of Asturias the small merchants resisted the Franco revenue inspectors who tried to fine them or confiscate their property. In several cases these agents were violently thrown out by the rebellious merchants.

When British and American prisoners were exchanged for Germans in Barcelona, a crowd of 5,000 Spaniards gathered to cheer the Allied men and to insult the Nazis. Last May 1 and 2, at the suggestion of the Supreme Council, parades were organized in several places. In Madrid many thousands, notwithstanding the Falangist threats and persecutions by the Franco police, courageously faced death or imprisonment by demonstrating in front of the British and American embassies to express the support of the people for the United Nations' cause. Similar demonstrations took place in Catalonia, Valencia, Seville, and Bilbao. In the industrial section of Vizcaya, ten-minute protest stoppages occurred in several big factories. During these same days, the diplomatic staffs of the United Nations received letters and messages from all parts of the country, manifesting deep appreciation of the Allied struggle and for the Allies' three great leaders—Churchill, Stalin, and Roosevelt.

The Supreme Council has succeeded in establishing contact with the guerillas and as a result the Federation of Guerrillas of Leon, Asturias, and Santander, has been organized. That is a most significant accomplishment, because through the leadership of the Supreme Council, the guerrillas will be able to start offensives to liberate whole regions. They are now mastering new fighting techniques, based on the experience of their French brothers, and are preparing the armed forces that will be the spearhead of the national insurrection of the Spanish people.

The Supreme Council has firmly established its own press. *Reconquista de Espana* is published regularly within Spain. I have already seen a copy of the thirty-fifth issue, dated last June. In spite of its illegality and the vigilance of the Falange, many thousands of copies circulate all over Spain each week. The paper thoroughly fulfills its vanguard role and is becoming more and more the national organ of the Council. The National Alliance of Catalonia has started the publication of *Catalunia* which expresses the Catalonian people's desire for united struggle.

Among the underground mass activities led by the Supreme Council, those intended to avenge the United Nations for the insults of the Falangists should be pointed out because of their clear political significance. In my opinion these are of the greatest importance. Before the eyes of the representatives of those Allied countries which continue to have friendly relations with Franco, the peo-

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ple of Spain express their support and sympathy for *all* the United Nations. Thus, they show that they consider as their own the cause for which not only Anglo-American, but also Soviet blood is being shed. Through these actions they tell the United Nations that their allies in Spain are not Franco and the Falange but the democratic and patriotic forces headed by the Supreme Council.

THE Franco regime is undergoing a profound crisis. There are increasing contradictions among army commanders. There is complete loss of Falange prestige, as indicated by the obvious disintegration of the Franco state administration and the shameless corruption of the Falangist leaders. There has been, of course, a weakening of the regime due to the withdrawal of the powerful aid Hitler gave Franco when the Nazis ruled western Europe and kept a strong army in the Pryenees. The recent military and political events which have taken place in Europe have had tremendous repercussions in Spain and have deepened this crisis. The opening of the second front and the subsequent liberation of France, Belgium, and part of Holland, the powerful Soviet offensive into East Prussia, and the desertion of Hitler by his Rumanian, Bulgarian, and Finnish allies—all of these are strong blows against the Spanish dictatorship.

The Falangists are forced to admit, as Jose Luis Arrese, general secretary of the ruling party, has recently put it, that ". . . Spain is threatened by a danger similar to the one existing before the civil war, which can become real again in an even more terrifying form than in the anxious days of 1936. . . ." In recent months the Franco press has been speaking over and over again of rumors which circulate throughout Spain. But they are not only rumors. In fact there is a state of insubordination, discontent, and uneasiness, which forecasts more violent and broader struggles and carries in itself the seeds of the great storm in which Franco and the Falange will be overthrown. The instability of the regime is obvious. Dismissals and changes among the leading officials of the Falange and the army commanders take place every day. Only a few weeks ago the military governor of Melilla (Spanish Morocco) was named military governor of the Madrid province, but even before he had taken charge of his new office this order was revoked and he was put under the general commander of the Valencia region. Manuel Mora Figueroa, vice secretary of the Falange party, was also forced to resign without explanations.

The first of April is what the Franquists call "Victory Day," and on that occasion Franco reviews his military forces in Madrid. This year he did it in the armored car Hitler gave him as a present. The Falangists explained that a Communist plot to kill Franco was ready for that day.

The future sharpening of the struggle inside Spain will be facilitated by the outstanding part played by thousands of enthusiastic Spanish Republicans in the underground struggle for the liberation of France. The news agencies tell us that 40,000 Spaniards are part of the Marquis in the region bordering the Spanish frontier. Recently, clashes have occurred between these Spanish Maquis and the armed forces of the Falange.

It should also be pointed out that the national unity movement among the Spaniards in France is extremely strong and represents an important factor in the struggle for the liberation of Spain. At this writing, gallant Spanish antifascists are preparing a congress where the best ways and means of helping Spain will be determined. They can also count on the support of the French people, whom they helped in the liberation of their country.

Franco has once more brought Moorish units into Spain which he intends to use as shock troops against the anti-Franco activities of the people. Panic-stricken, he is trying to retrace his own steps of July 18, 1936. Eduardo Aunos, Secretary of Justice, in a speech before units of the Spanish Foreign Legion at Fuenterrabia, on the French border, told these mercenary soldiers that "if necessary, you must be ready to give your life for Spain." Such words can only show that the fascist leaders of Spain realize the decisive character of the next few months, and are ready to fight for their lives and to keep fascism going.

C. Ross

The terror has increased considerably. Those accused of anti-Franco activities are invariably condemned to death. Many thousands of prisoners who were granted conditional liberty in accordance with the so-called amnesties are again being imprisoned. The Falangists are thoroughly frightened and are trying by the most barbarous terrorism to stop the anti-Franco storm spreading all over the country.

IT CAN be said that the Republicans in exile have on the whole increased their activities against Franco and the Falange. The world-wide trend toward solidarity with the Spanish people, in which the Spanish Republicans play a leading role, has achieved great political successes. Recently important solidarity conventions have been organized in Cuba and Chile. At this very moment a convention of solidarity with the Supreme Council is being prepared in Uruguay, under the sponsorship of official Uruguayan administrative agencies, representatives, senators, deputies, and democratic parties. Several mass meetings supporting the Supreme Council have been held in Mexico, with the warm participation in the last one of Vicente Lombardo Toledano, leader of the Confederation of Latin American Workers.

In England, several outstanding members of the Trades Union Congress, such as Jack Tanner of the Engineering Workers Union, have given their enthusiastic support to the activities of the Spanish Republicans. The issue of severing diplomatic relations with Franco has become a leading problem in Latin America, particularly in Cuba, Chile, and Uruguay, where congressional committees have been organized for that purpose. In the United States, the newly formed American Committee for Spanish Freedom has pledged support to the Coffee resolution, asking for the rupture of relations with Franco and for the extension of lend-lease to the Spanish underground. On the basis of these and other facts, it can be said that the cause of the Spanish Republic has become a national issue in many countries of the western hemisphere and that all over the democratic world solidarity with the Spanish people is reaching ever higher levels.

Although we have constantly made efforts to achieve the unity of the Spanish Republican forces in exile, as required by the political situation of Spain, this unity is not yet a fact. Every day voices reaching us from Spain demand it as something which becomes more and more urgent and necessary if the exiled Republicans are to play their proper role in the liberation of our country. We

(*Continued on page* 31)

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OUR SOVIET ALLY

Twenty-Seventh Anniversary

WHO SAID ENIGMA?

By R. PALME DUTT

London (by wireless).

IT IS indeed a mighty oak that has sprung from the vigorous sapling of the Bolshevik revolution of twenty-seven years ago under the severest ordeal of war that any state or any social order has ever had to face. The demonstration of the unshakable strength of socialist organization has taught a profound historical lesson once and for all.

There may still remain a dwindling band of mumbling academicians occupying their sinecures, piously telling their beads and turning their prayer wheels as they mutter the old incantations about the inevitable inefficiency of socialist planning and the superior efficiency of the individualist jungle. There are still plenty of hard-faced business adventurers, get-rich-quick go-getters, millionaire newspaper proprietors and political charlatans who with their tongues in their cheeks continue to repeat brazenly and noisily the old patter in the hope that it will still be possible to deceive the people a little longer.

But the more serious and responsible statesmen and economic and political leaders of the old world, whatever their politics and original upbringing, have not failed to recognize something of the signs of the times. As witnesses it is sufficient to call typical statesmen of the Right who are free from any suspicion of Socialist or Communist sympathies. First Marshal Smuts—who has already had to recant on France with his recent message that a great people has risen again—ten months after his notorious epitaph that France has gone and will be gone in our day and perhaps for many a day. Smuts addressed the South African senate on postwar world prospects, March 31, 1944. His theme, advancing beyond the theme of Russia's phenomenal and inexplicable rise of his speech of last December, now included, according to the press report summaries, a description of the Russian advance against the German army as one of the outstanding feats of arms of the human race. The leadership responsible for that vast achievement had set the whole world wondering. People might decry Communism, but if these were its fruits they were face to face with a new fact with which they would have to reckon for generations.

Similarly Adolf Berle, United States Assistant Secretary of State, speaking on July 27, 1944, on the basic shift of world forces, said there would be an increase in Russian power due not only to a rise in the population but to her growing industrial and scientific effectiveness. Western Europe's and America's substantial monopoly in developments of modern science industries and transport was now passing. This was the beginning of a new era.

Nevertheless, these statesmen of the Right, and conservative realists who have correctly recognized the strength and significance of the Soviet Union and seek to adapt their policies to the new relations of world forces, have still seen only half the picture. They recognize the basic shift in the world relations of forces arising from the demonstration of the strength and efficiency and speed of advance of socialist organization, the new power which Communism represents and which they have to recognize in the world of reality independently of theoretical preconceptions and prejudices. Nor is it a matter for surprise that it should have needed a war to open the eyes of these somewhat slow-motion realists, and that while the miracles of peacetime construction should have left them cold or doubting or faintly patronizing, the thunderbolt that has awakened them has been the grim ordeal of war which permits of no deceptions. But they still see the lesson in terms only of power, of the politics of power, and the inevitable shift in the relations of world power. Anxiously, sometimes with undisguised foreboding, they make their calculations and seek to adapt their policies to the new realities. This recognition of the new relations of power is at any rate the beginning of wisdom. It is a thousand miles in advance of the outlook of the diehard, shellback isolationists who see the new conditions only in terms of hostility.

BUT it is only the beginning of wisdom, not the end. Behind the outlook of many of these exponents of realism there still lurks fear, anxiety, and the sense of rivalry. A Smuts pleads for the federation of Britain and Western Europe to balance the power of the Soviet Union. A Lippmann urges the unity of the Atlantic community as a counterpose to the Soviet Union. Unlike the professors who pretend to fear socialist inefficiency, they fear socialist efficiency. They still see a threat instead of a promise. What they fail to see is that this new power—which has been demonstrated in the present war to be on the sure foundation of socialist organization, the new power of the socialist principle inspiring scores of millions of human beings in an organized community to matchless heights of endeavor and achievement, this power of the socialist principle whose scientific expression is Marxism and whose present state embodiment is the Soviet Union—is the greatest constructive force of human history. It is no threat. It is no enemy, but the strongest champion and helper of every progressive aspiration of mankind.

Every year and every month as this power grows it is changing the balance of world forces in the interests of the common man. Already its strength and armed preparedness has made possible the defeat of fascism—the most dangerous enemy human progress has yet had to face. But the defeat of fascism is only the beginning, not the end. This same strength is being exerted with no less intensity and with all the prestige of victory on the side of human cooperation and common progressive endeavor in the new world of democratic opportunity which will follow the defeat of fascism.

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HOW FAST WILL RUSSIA REBUILD?

By JOHN STUART

SOMETHING enormously exhilarating comes from examining what the Soviet people are doing to give life normal substance again. You sense afresh the revolutionary fervor of '17. The hammer and the trowel are held by the same eager hands that built a vast country almost out of nothing, only to have so much of it crushed and pulverized. And it is only when you remember how much has been wrecked and slaughtered that the exhilaration evaporates. For while a mine in the Donbas can be made to produce again, no one will ever bring back to life the little collective farmer, Tarbin, hung on iron hooks by his jaws. That is the deep hurt inflicted by the Nazis and wherever the sunflowers bloom again the memory of a thousand Tarbins darkens the landscape of Soviet reconstruction.

The war meant the loss of so many thousands of workers, either on the battlefield or in bondage to the German slaveholders. They were the Soviet's greatest treasure. They made the tractors, cultivated the crops, used the science that came out of the laboratories. It was they who radically transformed the Soviet state and cast off its backwardness and medievalism. From an agrarian hinterland they made it into an industrial power. It was they who gave bone and muscle to socialism, expanded it, made it indestructible no matter the weight of bombs dropped upon it.

Yet despite this human devastation and all that it means in terms of personal tragedy, it is unlikely that there will be a shortage of labor for the work of reconstruction. For one thing, as Prof. Andrei Grajdansev explains it,* the newly incorporated regions and republics as well as the several autonomous republics in the east and south of the USSR will be a great source of labor "because the agriculture in these republics has remained the main occupation of the population and there is no doubt that many millions may be drawn off from the land in these republics and regions without endangering their agricultural production, providing the farming is modernized."

Another reason is that the training program for new workers to replace those at the front has been greatly expanded. And of singular importance are the labor schools, which were established before the war to increase the State Labor Reserve. Three hundred have reopened in liberated areas, and their total number is now about 1,700. The training given students has been both theoretical and practical—so practical that they produced goods valued at 3,000,000,000 rubles, mined 3,000,000 tons of coal, 1,000,000 tons of ore and over 100,000 tons of oil.

The labor problem will, of course, find another solution in the fact that the Red Army itself is an excellent training medium for different skills. A plane pilot, or a wireless operator, or a tankist, can easily transfer his training to peacetime industry. Just as the mechanization program of Soviet agriculture developed many thousands of skilled tractor workers, so the army has developed many millions who can exercise their specialties, when the time comes, in rebuilding the country.

These workers will find an immense job of reconstruction facing them. Thousands of plants and factories were destroyed, with the destruction stretching from the suburbs of Leningrad and Moscow over a territory equivalent to twenty eastern states of our own country. Here are a few examples of German handiwork: they wrecked the Stalino Steel Works, at one time employing 12,500 men; in the Donbas they ruined

Twenty-Seven Historic Years

ON THE occasion of its twenty-seventh birthday, we join in the heartfelt tributes that are being paid the USSR throughout the country. (New York will celebrate the event at Madison Square Garden on November 16.) Words of gratitude are the smallest tokens of what we feel for an ally whose deeds exceed the power of language. For there is no human device that can compute the cost of Russian sacrifices in defense of their motherland and in defense of the world against fascist violence. In the months when we as a people were preparing, when the British were recovering from the hard blows at Dunkirk, the USSR stood alone thrusting back the enemy until by concerted battle we could finally crush him. Those were months of grief and anxiety but they were also months in which Soviet heroism dazzled the world and during which we found a friend devoted and selfless.

And if this November marks the Soviets' twenty-seventh anniversary it also commemorates the eleventh year since the resumption of diplomatic relations between Washington and Moscow. It was in November, too, that the turn came at Stalingrad and initiated a new phase of the war. It was two years ago in November when our own forces moved into the Mediterranean and set foot on North African soil. And it was in November of 1943 that the momentous Moscow Conference reached its close paving the way for Teheran and all that it has signified for mankind. November then is replete with memorable events distinguished by the fact that it saw the maturing of the coalition on whose strength and power peace and security rest.

While we celebrate the Soviet state's Fourth of July with the deepest of pleasure, we do not forget that there are those who hate and dread its existence. William Bullitt's infamous article in *Life*, the slanders directed at the USSR by the Republican hierarchy, are indicative that the plotting of the past is not a closed book but that anti-Sovietism still corrupts American life, endangering America's place in a unified world. They will have to be defeated, as they have been in the November elections, and their influence wherever it manifests itself destroyed. American-Soviet friendship cannot endure in an atmosphere of calumny and America itself cannot thrive or prosper without that friendship.

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140 out of 152 major coal mines; they played hell with the Yanakievo Steel Mill, the Kramatorsk Machinery Plant and the Makeevka Steel Works—with a combined labor staff of over 54,000 people; they demolished more than 100 of the most modern heavy industrial enterprises.

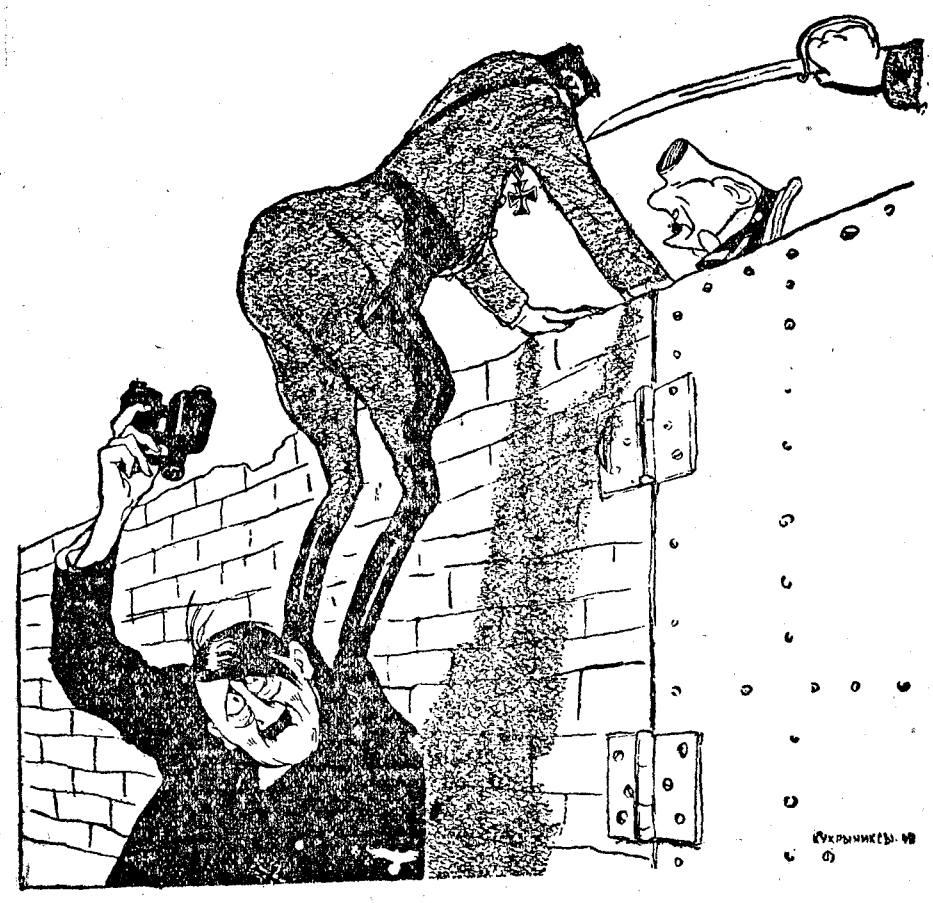
In some areas the decline in production has been estimated at seventy-five percent; in others it was more than fifty. Fortunately many plants had been evacuated to the east—an epic of initiative such as the world had never seen before. Everything that could be shifted, and was not engaged in immediately serving the front, was pushed towards the Urals. In this great mechanical and human exodus was, for example, the Kirov Works—an armament plant formerly located in Leningrad. As large as the Krupp or Skoda giants, it employed 30,000 nine years ago. It covered 400 acres ringed by thirty miles of railroad track. It had, as William Mandel reports,* "six open hearth furnaces, nine electric steel furnaces, nine huge rolling mills, 310 forges, 420 heating furnaces, and 3,500 metal working lathes. Yet this plant was moved to the Urals, lock, stock, and barrel, and is today throwing tanks at Hitler faster than before it was moved." During the course of the evacuation over 1,000,000 carloads of equipment and materials were moved. And there is no doubt that after the war the Urals and adjoining territory will be the USSR's biggest industrial center, rivaling the Moscow and Ukraine regions.

BUT for all the wreck and ruin, the outburst of energy to rebuild is breathtaking, almost unbelievable were it not for the fact that what was a few months ago dust and rubble is today again functioning at pre-war capacity and even greater. Within six weeks after the recapture of the Moscow region in December 1941, 10,000 workers were again busy at their benches. In forty-nine days after it was retaken, Tula's small-arms plants had 150,000 men and women assembling rifles by hand. In farm country difficulties which seemed insurmountable were quickly conquered. Out of the earth supplies and equipment popped up. At the Maxim Gorky machine and tractor station in Voronezh workers hid parts of machines and tools in the ground and after liberation dug them up and put them to work. Nine months after recapture the coal mines south of Moscow had an output equal to their pre-war levels and at the close of 1943 their production was one-fourth higher than before 1941. In Stalingrad, scene of the great triumph that turned the tide of the war, the Red October Steel Works were for all purposes practically demolished and there were those who estimated that it would take three years before normal operations could be resumed. It was making steel six months after von Paulus waved the white flag.

How this was done is no secret. It is a reflection of the same heroism in the rear that the world has witnessed at the front. One thing that is striking is the system of patronage (*shefstvo*) whereby the workers of a plant or collective farm untouched by the war come to the assistance of other factories and farms that are rebuilding. The Kuznetzk steel plant in Siberia, for example, has undertaken to help in the restoration of the Yanakievo plant in the Stalino region. This patronage has become an enormous movement with one town adopting another, with farms in the interior aiding others with seed, household equipment, food, and clothes.

One piece of reconstruction that will be of special interest to Americans is the work on the Dnieper Dam. The building of Dnieprostroi fascinated millions abroad. It was a startling engineering project, employing many American technicians, and marked the USSR's coming of age as an industrial power. When sections of the dam were blown up to keep it from use by the enemy, the world was aghast at this sacrifice—so many years of toil, so much treasure dynamited away. But now Dnieprostroi is turbulent with life. While the dam and the power station were made completely useless, it was done in such a way that they could be restored in the quickest possible time. During the first two months of the war the turbines and generators were ripped from their foundations and removed while the buildings themselves were left intact. And the Germans added to the wreckage when they retreated.

Now thousands of tons of debris are being cleared away. A new foundation is being laid. The *Wall Street Journal* of October 16 reports that the USSR has placed orders for nine generators with General Electric in this country for use in the Dnieprostroi power plant, generators which will increase its capacity by fifteen percent over the pre-war figure. The difficulties and complications of restoration are almost incredible. But last July the first concrete was laid on the dam and the whole country is helping to rebuild the power station. Mate-



Hitler: "Mein General, please have a look through these glasses to see how far away the Russians are."

Kukrinksi in "Pravda"

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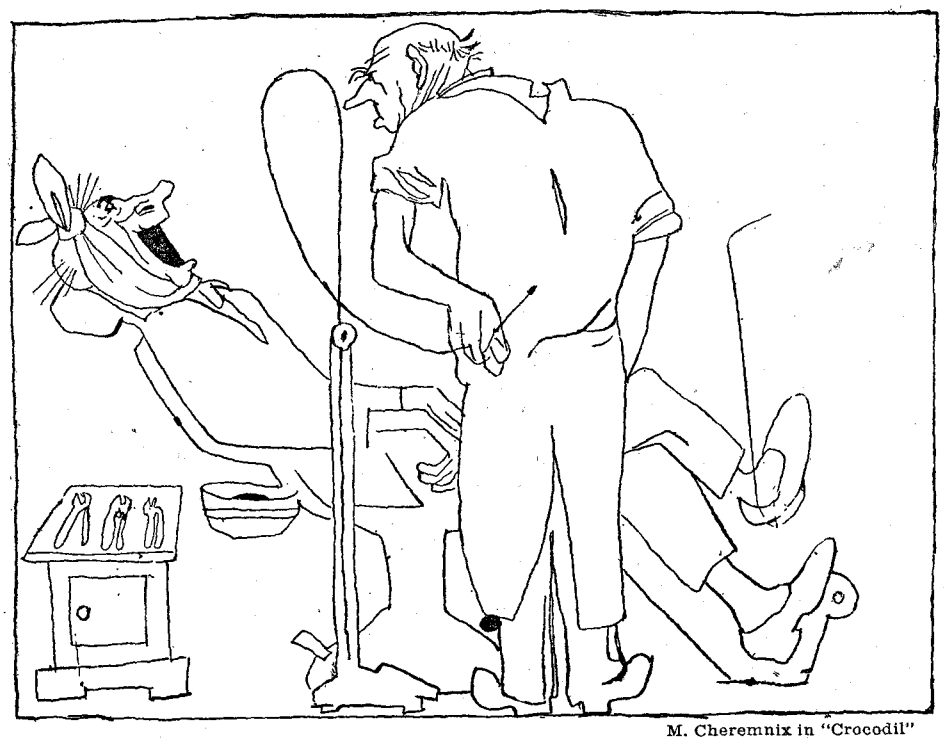

M. Cheremnix in "Crocodil"

"Shut your mouth, Herr Schultz."
"Ach, Herr Doktor, I thought I could open it here at least."

rials come from the Urals, oil from Azerbaizhan, while Armenia is sending tuff-blocks for the renovated walls. This symbol of Lenin and Stalin's dream of electrification, this child of the first Five Year Plan, has arrested the attention of every Soviet citizen and hardly a week passes by without some progress report.

What is the perspective for Soviet industry? Obviously and primarily it involves the rebuilding of what has been wrecked and increasing the tempo and extent of industrialization of the whole country. It means not only the reconstruction of homes and factories and the media of culture, but the erection of better buildings, more efficient factories, better cities, improved transport facilities—the essence of the abundant life whose anchor is industry and a highly modernized agriculture. The central fact about all this is that it is reconstruction within construction. The Soviets were building at enormous speed before the war and what they will do after the war will be a continuation of the process of building based on newly discovered resources, both material and human. There is no doubt that the government will pursue the principles embodied in the Five Year Plans, but all plans are of course dependent on how quickly the Red Army completes its tasks and how quickly the war throughout the world, the Pacific included, ends.

Among the major industrial goals is that of increasing the output of steel by 40,000,000 tons (in 1940 it amounted to approximately 20,000,000 tons), to construct some 50,000 miles of new railways, to improve plants and factories built during the war and to develop the production of raw materials. Machines to build machines will probably have first place in Soviet planning. Stalin in 1934 said that the machine-building industry was the main lever for the reconstruction of Soviet economy and while a decade of progress has since gone by that undoubtedly will hold true for the postwar period. The industries that make industry have felt the effects of the war most severely not only in terms of outright ruin, but also in terms of obsolescence and worn-out equipment. Rebuilding this area of the national economy will most likely mean that consumer goods industry for a time will take second place and may involve, for example, the continuation of rationing. But this reconstruction will be nothing like that experienced by the Soviet people at the close of the last war. What must be borne in mind is that before June 1941, the objective of Soviet planning was to expand industry to achieve a standard of living higher than that of the United States in the best years before the war. That undoubtedly is still the minimum goal.

THE farms have suffered a devastation almost impossible to describe in words. South of Leningrad in the Novogorod district alone the Nazis burned and destroyed ninety-six towns and villages; out of almost 9,000 dwellings they wrecked more than half; they put to the torch seventy-five of the seventy-six schools which accommodated a student body of 15,000; they burned three hospitals, ten medical stations, seven animal husbandry establishments, a seed control and veterinary laboratory, an incubator and meteorological station and 165 shops; they destroyed many educational institutions—clubs, village libraries and reading rooms; they demolished all the brick kilns, saw mills, and peat enterprises; they stole more than 2,000 horses, 10,000 cows, and 18,000 head of cattle; they looted agricultural property including wooden spades and rakes; they completely destroyed all the dwellings and farm buildings in Sholokhov, Nikolsk, Khutyn, Dubrovsky, Lyubetsky, and Kotovitsky.

There you have it: the bookkeeping of plunder recorded by one of the Soviet's Extraordinary State Commissions. I shall not say anything of the 250 patients who were tortured and murdered in the Khutyn Hospital or of the 5,000 war prisoners who were executed or systematically starved so that only 336 survived. But for another glimpse of what Soviet farmers face, there are some figures furnished by Lazar Volin and Sylvia Goodstein of the US Department of Agriculture.* In a number of districts of the Moscow province, the Germans destroyed 2,280 villages, of which 640 were totally demolished. In a Cossack village in the Kuban, only twenty-two farmsteads out of 700 remained. In Smolensk province 220,000 houses of collective farmers and 28,500 collective farm buildings were wrecked. Again in the Kuban region the Germans smashed 3,000 tractors and close to 1,000 combines. This was the way the Germans were going to restore farming to individual owners—farms they burned and owners they killed.

What is amazing about this havoc is that it is quickly becoming a matter of bitter memory. In August of last year, at a moment when the Red Army was grinding westward in great force, the Soviet government issued a decree giving in minute detail the measures to be taken to restore more than a quarter million square miles of liberated territory. It is an extraordinary document, which appears in part in English in the Soviet Embassy's *Information Bulletin* for August 26, 1943. Not only is it a chart of the enormous desolation wrought by the Wehrmacht but it is again an example of planning and the

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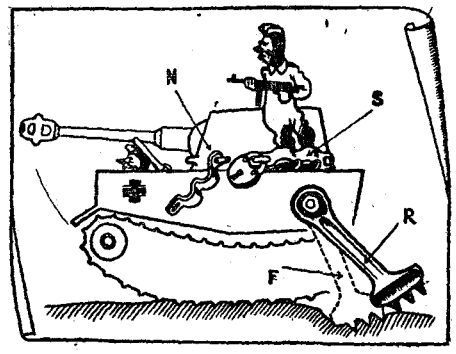
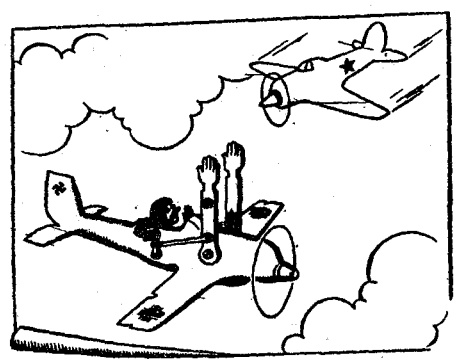
Latest Technical Inventions of the German Army



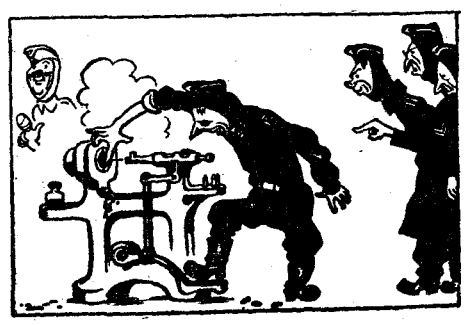
"Anti-Retreat Stopper"

Experience in battle has shown that the German tank drivers have mastered too quickly the tactic of shortening the line. The German High Command has decided to combat this. As may be seen from this drawing an ingenious metal gadget securely holds the body of the tank in place and does not permit it to turn around.



"Hande-Hoch"

The "Hands-up" apparatus ensures a happy landing in case of meeting up with Russian fighter planes. The flier remains alive and saves the machine no matter what the altitude or weather.



The Death-Rescue Lathe

This lathe which is being demonstrated guarantees the German soldier from death. You can say with perfect assurance that the appearance of this machine will be greeted with great joy by all divisions of the German army. The simple design makes it possible to master the lathe in the shortest possible time.

"Crocodil"

creative energy characteristic of Soviet leadership. Nothing, it seems, was overlooked. It was a short-term blueprint of what was to be done and how, and it called on the people to meet a stupendous task in a brief period of time.

The decree outlined steps for the rehabilitation of agriculture and railway transport and for the restoration of housing and sanitation. It provided for the return of livestock that had been previously shifted from collective farms in invaded areas. Picture the scene of thousands of cattle, sheep, goats, and horses trekking back from the deep interior. They lumbered westward on the hoof because they could not be transported by rail, and some of these animals moved more than a thousand miles from Kazakhstan to Voronezh. By Oct. 15, 1943, the cattle reached their destination. Along the route they had to be provided with fodder while veterinary surgeons and dairy workers watched after them. The whole project was successfully completed and in February 1944, the Soviet government reported that 630,830 farm animals had reached home after crossing, in some cases, the Ural, Volga, Terek, and Oka Rivers. By June of 1944, writes Anna Louise Strong in an excellent pamphlet, *Soviet Farmers*, "the area sown to grain crops in the USSR as a whole exceeded the 1943 area by about 15,000,000 acres; in vegetables and potatoes by two and a half million acres" with later figures indicating an increase of 30,000,000 acres in grain over last year. Where tractors were unavailable even cows were broken into harness for plowing and sowing.

Self-sufficiency for every liberated town and hamlet is the watchword until the emergency is over. Usually immediately restored are the bakeries, water supply, and schools. One brief account I have read describes how the first thing the people of Dniepropetrovsk did when they returned was to put back on its pedestal the bust of the poet Shevchenko. Housing is a harassing problem that is being tackled with great energy. New housing is being supervised by the Council of People's Commissars, which controls the quality of construction as well as the designs for apartment, cultural, and public buildings. President Mikhail Kalinin has suggested that town planning be revised along fresh lines and the thinking among Soviet architects is to develop their work according to the ethnographic, cultural, and economic peculiarities of given areas. To encourage people to build their own homes the government extends credit up to 10,000 rubles. The cities provide the sites without charge and the trade unions help by furnishing tools, materials, and technical assistance. The ruined cities are coming back to life as quickly as the critical shortages of materials allows. In Stalingrad several areas are being converted into parks and the whole city is to be ringed by a forest belt, with a memorial to be erected on a dominating hill to keep eternally fresh the blazing feats of Stalingrad's defenders.

SUCH in miniature, incomplete to be sure, is Soviet reconstruction. It is the product of planning—socialist planning with its huge backlog of experience gained in the operations of the three Five Year Plans. It is in addition the product, as Pierre Cot put it recently after a mission to Moscow for the French government, of "a rational utilization of all the forces of production." It is also an expression of the great creative vitality that comes from a completely unified people who own their factories and farms. This is the key to the epics on the battlefield and the epics in the rear. But whatever is said about Soviet reconstruction must be tempered by the knowledge that it is being done in the midst of war, that it can go no faster than the war permits, that its progress depends on how quickly the conflict ends and on the international political atmosphere. The stormy global weather of 1917-1940 means one type of reconstruction planning; the fair weather of Teheran another.

The Soviets look to us for help. They have long admired our technical genius and many of their own industries have been designed and equipped through American "know how." This aid for which Russia will ask and pay "hinges upon sound cooperative action by the world's two leading military-industrial powers." I am quoting James H. McGraw, the president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company—one of the largest publishers of business magazines and books in the world—who in a pithy newspaper advertisement got at the nub of our future trade relations with the USSR. The fact of the matter is that hostile attitudes towards the Russians means that they will do what they have done once before; they will pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. Only this time the situation will be quite different. We shall be the ones to suffer. Many of our plants will be idle when they could be producing for the Soviet market. The Russians will merely be

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delayed in pressing forward their reconstruction program, and the delay may not even be too serious because they will this time have the unstinted assistance of British industrial power, the resources of their other allies, as well as the reparations in kind which they will exact from Germany. If the policies launched by the Roosevelt administration are thwarted from any quarter it will harm the Russians least and injure us most.

Good political relations, then, are the foundations of fruitful trade. But there is another important facet to the trade picture. We shall have to import from the Soviets in larger measure than we have done before in order to help them pay in part for what they buy here. And if the Russians are to place orders commensurate with their needs they will have to be granted long-term credits. The more perceptive businessmen are convinced that American corporations, even if they work with private bankers, cannot finance all the prospective trade with the USSR. They will have to solicit the government's aid. It is, therefore, as sad as it is stupid when the *Wall Street Journal* warns its readers against such federal aid. For what it is saying is that producers close up shop or reduce their operations, throw thousands out of jobs, in order that Washington be kept out of their affairs. Happily the *Journal's* editorial writers are not in the accounting departments of foreign traders. For where it comes to matters involving the pocketbook a dominant section of the financial community will know how to act and where they do not—well, the Russians, it seems to me, will know how to get along without them, even though they cannot get along without the Russians.

* In the American Russian Institute's *The USSR in Reconstruction*, to which I am indebted for much of the data in this article. —J. S.

THE SOVIET PERSONALITY

By HARRY F. WARD

THE test of any social system is the kind of individual it produces. His ways and work are the proving ground of its incentives. They demonstrate whether or not society and the individual are bound together in a common aim, whether or not the general well being and the interest of the individual coincide.

What does the younger generation of the Soviet Union say about this? Are they living in such a way as to move the society which they will more and more control in the direction chosen by those who went before them? Are they living for themselves, or finding themselves by losing themselves in the struggle for the common good? Nadezhda Krupskaya, the wife of Lenin, answering the question "What should a Communist be like?" began by saying: "First of all a Communist is a social person, with strongly developed social instincts who desires that all persons should live well and be happy."

At about the same time a professor from one of our midwest denominational colleges was writing:

"It is a fact that cannot be ignored that whereas over most of the world one senses in youth a feeling of futility, of spiritual confusion and questioning of life, in Russia I felt everywhere among the young people a genuine wholesomeness, a sense of social values and a unified outlook on life. One senses very little of that exaggerated interest in sex, jazz, sport, and trivialities which all too often results when youth do not find something which commands their wholehearted allegiance. Russia has been able to stir its youth with a great collective vision which joins them in the comradeship of struggle for a great cause. Millions in Russia have found a faith, something adequate to stir them to their depths and give the significance and worth to life so necessary for happy and great living."

Metropolitan Nikolai of the Holy Orthodox Church of Kiev and Galich, writing recently of Soviet youth, concludes by saying: "And we see that the years which have passed since the Revolution have not been lived in vain. Much of the inertia, the greed for material treasure, the petty vanity, has been swept away by the hurricane of the times. Today, twenty-five years later, we see the face of the generation which has grown up in these years. It is the face of a true human. I repeat the universally known truth of the gospel: 'A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. . . . Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.' "

A few months ago the Zurich newspaper *Nation* printed an account of the visit of a Swiss Protestant pastor to a group of Soviet war prisoners who had escaped from Germany and were interned in Switzerland. They were from different parts of the Soviet Union and had only recently completed their military training, hence were typical of Russian youth, the product of the present Soviet order. He wrote of them:

"A strongly expressed feeling of comradeship helps them better to endure their captivity and makes the egoism of the individual impossible. Although they have got to know one another only recently, they share all packages and presents equally. . . . They are simple, frank, and honest people who are not afraid of self criticism and are remarkable for their social convictions, which have much in common with real Christianity. They are so strongly imbued with their ideas and with a sense of integrity that I must admit I can give them nothing. We can all learn from them."

Many American audiences and a number of our young people have recently had the opportunity of assessing the quality of Soviet youth as they listened to, and met, their delegates to an international youth conference, which toured our country in 1943. The mother of the famous girl sniper Liudmila Pavlichenko writes: "Liudmila is an ordinary Soviet girl. There are many like her. . . . I am particularly proud that my daughter, by her trip to America, has been instrumental in helping to bridge the wide gap that for so many years separated our peoples."

Recently I had the privilege of guiding and listening to an evening's discussion between some of the Soviet students now studying here and a selected group of American students. The differences that came out were even more illuminating than the likenesses. The Soviet group had difficulty in understanding what the Americans meant by the phrase "social conscience." This was partly because they had no knowledge of, and hence no responsibility for, unprivileged classes. The nearest they could come to that feeling of obligation was in relation to some of the backward nationalities now in the Soviet Union. But since equality of development is a constitutional guarantee and a rapid

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achievement, their situation is entirely different.

The main difference, however, is in the relationship of the individual to society. They do not make the distinction that exists here between individual and social consciousness. Their sense of social obligation is not a special, meritorious effort. It is a natural expression of their mutual relationships as members one of another. It is a condition of their way of life without which they would be defective and delinquent. It is in and of the nature of a social order based upon mutual aid instead of competitive individual struggle. All can think and act for each only to the extent that each thinks and acts for all. So the increasing achievement of the good of all is the increasing achievement of self-realization.

Consequently these Soviet students were first amazed and then indignant that anyone should think that any educational opportunity which had come to them could mean that others would be denied in the future. "We won it by passing examinations," they said. "Others will have the same opportunity." "How could it separate us from the workers? Our parents, our relatives are workers. How could we ever accept conditions which would limit opportunities for workers?" Without knowing it, they were reaffirming the democratic faith of Walt Whitman: "By God, I will accept nothing which others may not have on equal terms."

There is no question that Soviet youth, with of course the few exceptions to the general pattern that are found in every society, are "social persons" and that from this fact their motivation emerges. In 1913 a questionnaire put to 394 girls in St. Petersburg: "What would you like to be?" elicited as the majority of its answers: "To be rich." Last year the consensus of opinion among the boys of Trade School No. 32 in Moscow who were discussing their prospects was that it was fine to think that they would be useful workers, helping to build up their community before they were much older.

Maurice Hindus reports that the most interesting group in the Soviet Union is that from sixteen to eighteen years. From this group came the three most highly dramatized heroes of the war—known and revered by every child—tortured and killed by the Germans for

Soriano

refusing to answer questions. Seldom permitted to enlist in the army, this group crowded the guerrillas. Hindus found them technically alert, helping on repairs for the front and the farms, punctual, polite, disciplined and orderly in personal habits and social affairs. What impressed him most was their passionate love for the Russian land and people.

Younger children also display an amazing degree of community service, exemplified by the nearly five million school-age youngsters who in 1943 alone spent their summer vacations in organized farm work. They contributed the impressive aggregate of 145,000,000 work days for which they were paid and which greatly helped increase the country's food supply.

The behavior of Soviet youth in the war emergency provides an answer to the contention that the Soviet Union is returning to capitalism and has restored the profit motive. If there is any ground for this claim it has to be found in the attitudes of those who are the product, as well as the defenders, of the new socialist society and who are also the builders of its future. If these young people are moved by different incentives toward a different goal than those of capitalist society, then this talk about the reappearance of the profit motive and class consciousness is only wishful thinking on the part of those who have always insisted that socialist principles were impracticable ideals and that the Soviet Union was a complete failure. Confronted now with the undeniable evidence of its success, they take refuge in the claim that socialist achievements have been secured by the practice of capitalist principles.

The basic difference between capitalist and socialist incentives is that the former are supposed to seek the common good by the appeal to self interest, the latter find self interest by the call of the common good. So the test of whether Soviet youth is actuated by the profit motive is which do they seek first, self interest or the common good. This is not the first time they have been charged with following a capitalist pattern. In Moscow in the winter of 1931 Eugene Lyons tried to tell me that Soviet youth was predominantly a generation of cynical careerists. I had already seen enough of them to know, as a wider acquaintance and Lyons' later career demonstrated, that what he was talking about was more inside himself than it was in Soviet youth.

Of course "careerists" appear in every social system. In the earlier years the rewards of loyalty to the Soviet system and the penalties of opposing it encouraged this type to profess allegiance. But they did not get far or last long. The Soviets knew the danger, and as soon as it was manifest the punishment was swift and sufficient. As the building of socialism progressed the nature of the process discouraged the development of self seeking. The only path to success is through some demonstrated contribution to the general well being and the system provides the people with the instruments to measure this. Then, too, the whole force of the educational process is thrown in this direction.

From their earliest years in the nursery school and the kindergarten children are trained to be socially minded and so to act. This is not done by preaching principles but indirectly. They must help each other put on and fasten their clothes. They must learn how to hold meetings. They are taken to the factory and told what it all means. They are not considered separate from adult society but members of it with rights and duties. Their picture books present life in its collective aspect; they teach them group games or portray the tasks of socialist construction with children assisting. For instance, out of a group of books selected for their illustrations, one for nursery age shows children learning traffic regulation; one for kindergarten age pictures the children getting up a play to celebrate International Youth Day.

Teachers say that they can pick out children who have not been through the collective training of the kindergarten ("mothers' pets" they call them) by their egoism and possessiveness. They correct these tendencies by games requiring mutual aid, by seating a selfish child beside an unselfish one and by reasoning with the delinquents. Self-government begins with the lowest

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grades, but children are elected not to office but to leadership in the social work required of all. This begins with improving conditions in the school, for instance, the collective meal. It goes on to helping a child who has become vagrant because both parents are working, or to visiting the poorer children who are helped out of a common fund for which all parents are assessed proportionately to their wages. If a drunken father is found, the children themselves take the case to the trade union at the factory. A Russian-American professional man who had gone back to help the land of his birth remarked that he noticed in his own child and her companions a distinct change from the egoistic to the social incentive as compared with the days of his youth. "Now they put society first," he said, "they help each other to study instead of some trying to get ahead of others." Also he observed more solidarity between the pupils and the administration.

It is also manifest that the children feel themselves part of the socialist system. In the apartment house in which we stayed in Moscow, a boy of nine appeared at a meeting of the house committee and made a good speech, requesting a room to be set aside in the basement where the children could work and play. In his report to a textile factory conference of over a thousand workers, a boy of eleven told how some drunkards broke down the fence of an old orchard which had been given the children for their collective farm. They had complained to the factory administration who referred the matter to the educational authorities. "Nothing was done about it until we children persuaded the workers to repair it." The ten-year-old daughter of one family with whom we became acquainted was helping in the factory day-nursery after school and could describe its whole operation.

The work of the schools in developing social attitudes among children is ably seconded by the Young Pioneers' organization. It penetrates all the lower grades and develops the capacity for self-government and for social duties. Its aims are set forth by Nadezhda Krupskaya in familiar Communist terms, as though the children were adults—"no classes, no oppression, no exploitation, a full and happy life for all." The Pioneer leaders, always Komsomols, explain to the children the difference between capitalism and socialism; why they must defend and strengthen the growing socialist society; why and how the abolition of classes will come and material conditions some day be equal so that the cultural capacities of all can be unfolded. The Pioneer books and papers portray again the tasks of socialist building and the children taking part in them.

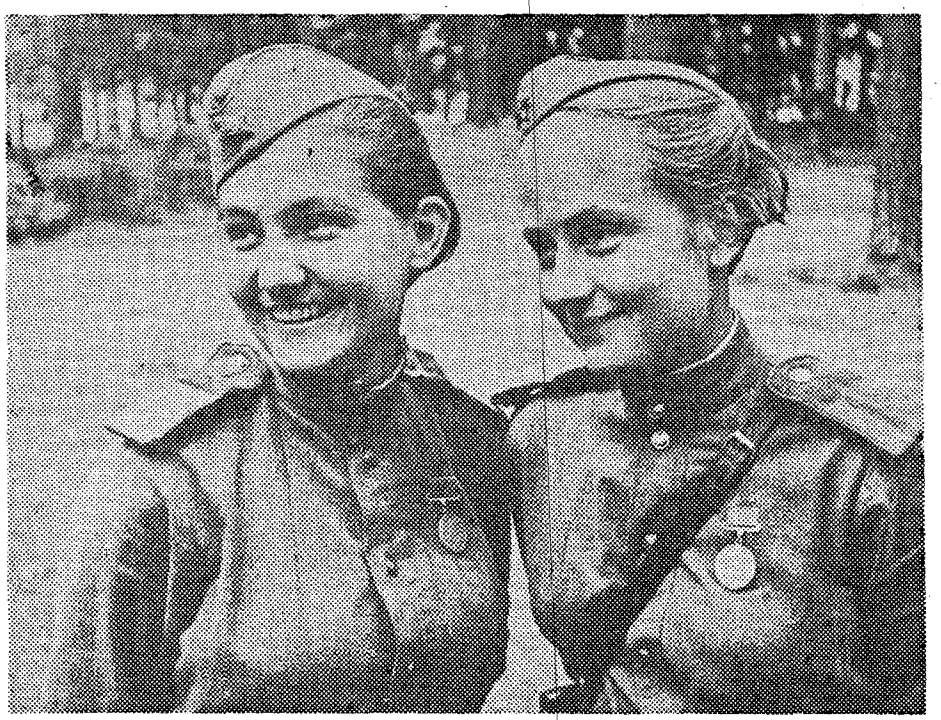
Supplementing the educational system, the press, posters, radio, and film continually evoke devotion to socialist building. The social morality incited by the cinema is of course the opposite to that stimulated for the most part by films in capitalist countries. For Soviet movie audiences, not personal success but sacrificial devotion to the common cause is the ideal; collective efforts, not personal exploits, are glorified. All the forms of culture—literature, art, music, drama—work incessantly to the same end. As in the golden days of the medieval church they were focussed on the religious ideal and view of the world, so now they are directed toward the building of socialism and the development of a Communist society.

The aim of all this education and social pressure is the socialized individual, one who finds himself by losing himself in the service of the common good. Thus there comes into being the individualized society, one that finds its life in collectively seeking the fullest possible development of each individual.

To secure the socialized individual, and thus to draw the motivation of life from a more powerful center than the egoistic self, is the underlying purpose in Soviet education. The Communist is not deceived by the myth of the separate individual which has muddied the thinking of the western nations. His dialectical analysis shows him the individual and society in an interpenetrating relationship, with their relative positions changing according to the historic situation. The pure individual he recognizes as an intellectual abstraction. The fact of solitariness is a psychological withdrawal. Robinson Crusoe could live only because society had provided him with equipment, mental as well as physical.

Capitalist philosophers have for some time admitted that the capitalist promise to adjust the conflict between self-interest and the common good has not been, and cannot be, fulfilled in either the competitive or monopolistic phase of capitalism. The Soviet Union, however, has already demonstrated that a socialist economy can provide the base for a synthesis, not merely an adjustment, of self-interest and the common good. Its achievements in the war—in battle, in production and supply, in spirit—are the proof. The testimony is abundant that the Soviet youth is a socialized individual, one who finds self-interest in seeking the general well being.

By the method of dialectical analysis, as well as by common sense, the Communists are well aware of the shortcomings of man. But they expect to overcome them effectively, by diffusing both the desire and the power to keep the anti-social factor in the interpene-



Two students, V. Mityoshina and N. Zalko, from the Moscow State Theatrical Institute, now Senior Sergeants in the Red Army. They have both won the Military Services Medal for bravery.

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tration of opposites always in the subordinate position.

The extent to which this is actually being done in the Soviet Union constitutes a historic phenomenon of the first importance. The creative desires are being exalted over the possessive appetites by abolishing the possibility of acquisition, limiting ownership to purely personal property, and opening to the initiative of the masses such engrossing tasks that success in achieving social ends becomes more important than personal rewards. The initiative thus created is being guided by a discipline which represses the ego and enlarges the social self.

The article above is from Dr. Ward's forthcoming book "The Soviet Spirit" to be published next month by International.

STATUS OF THE CHURCH

By WILLIAM H. MELISH

The Rev. Mr. Melish is associate rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn.

IT IS now clear to every informed person that a mutually satisfactory and in all probability permanent accommodation of interests has taken place between the institutions of organized religion and the government in the Soviet Union. This process was well advanced before the war and has been quickened by the tragic developments of the past three years. It is my belief that there are no longer any serious religious grounds to cause conscientious Americans to hesitate about working wholeheartedly with the Soviets for victory and postwar security and mutual welfare. In my opinion, the Soviet Union today has as great a claim to be considered a moral and religious nation as any one of the United Nations, ourselves included.

Prior to the promulgation of the 1936 Constitution, which shall be my point of departure in this article, the religious situation could be summarized in this fashion. Those religious bodies which had survived the intense conflict of the Civil War period and had psychologically adjusted to the new Communist administration were able to register with the state, receive legal recognition and protection, and obtain the use of state property under license for worship purposes. They were treated as private-membership organizations. They received no support from the state and had to live on a pay-as-you-go basis, deriving their income from offerings, gifts, fees, and the sale of candles and religious objects—this income being subject to taxation. The right of public assembly was denied them except for purposes of worship in the assigned premises, and they were denied access to any propaganda channels: books, newspapers, tracts, printed literature, and the radio. Religious instruction was limited to the church service and to the immediate family within its own home. The clergy were disfranchised, believers in many places experienced discrimination in respect to jobs and positions, and the youth were exposed to an educational curriculum based exclusively on the physical and social sciences with a good salting of outright anti-religious teaching. Religion was recognized legally but lived within a rigid straitjacket under circumstances that made its survival at best problematic.

In the face of this situation, religious groups quietly and persistently experimented with new procedures. They found that they could maintain buildings and services on their modest income, and could pay limited salaries to the clergy. Though training schools for the ministry were outlawed, nothing prevented the setting aside of a candidate of good character and his apprenticeship in a working relationship with an experienced parish priest—a type of training not without its clinical advantages. A central church supplied services in surrounding villages with a more efficient use of manpower and with some adjustment of the hours of services. Unable to express itself in public, religion injected itself more and more into the homes of its people in the form of candles, icons, prayers, holy day observances, family instruction and occasional sacramental rites. Not without reason, the Orthodox authorities began to take a certain pride in what they have since candidly called their rediscovery of the New Testament Church, whose character was primarily not that of a propertied institution but a believing and worshipping community conscious of divine grace and an immortal hope. They also were able to express a certain satisfaction over their freedom from the former wire-pulling and political interference of Czarist days. In brief, religious leaders had painfully discovered the area in which they might operate and were faithfully going about their religious duties within that area, trusting that it would be widened as it became clear to the authorities that religion need not be a subversive but could be a constructive social force.

THE 1936 Constitution, in spite of all that has been written about its famous Article 134, represented a definite step forward. After considerable discussion throughout the nation, some of it quite hostile to the clergy, it was nevertheless decided to treat religious people, including the clergy, on an equal basis with all other citizens, and to guarantee freedom of worship. This became the basic law of the land. Additional steps immediately followed. In the same year bell-ringing and the public solicitation of funds for church support were authorized. In the following year, out of consideration for the right of free conscience, the anti-religious plays, films, and carnivals which had so outraged believers were forbidden, and the textbooks used in the schools were rewritten to remove the bitter attacks against the Russian Church included in them. Attendance at religious festivals became permissible without wage penalization. In 1939 the manufacture of religious articles in the State Art Workshops was ordered and the materials provided.

On June 26, 1940, the six-day week for industrial workers, which had raised such havoc with church services, was abolished and the seven-day week restored with the traditional Sunday as the universal compulsory holiday. Taxes and assessments on religious property were rescinded. It will be remembered that this was the period of the third Five Year Plan. Throughout the entire Soviet Union a great emphasis was being placed upon cultural differentiation and folk expression, with signs also of a distinct trend towards the granting of greater local political autonomy. The Soviet Union was emerging from the harsh period of economic transition to enjoy some of the benefits of a socialized

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society. Religion was clearly being numbered among the beneficiaries. On its part, with indomitable persistence, it had survived collectivization and adjusted to the new environment. As for the government, the Soviet authorities now saw quite clearly that the people, in spite of intense educational efforts to persuade them otherwise, wanted both religion and its institutional expression. It is important to emphasize strongly these two points, because the basic issue between Church and state had already been resolved in principle *before the Nazi attack upon the Soviet Union was launched*. Had this not been the case, it is hardly likely that the Soviet authorities would have turned so freely to religious groups, or that religious groups would have responded so completely, in support of the war effort.

There is another interesting piece of evidence also. When measures of defense against Nazi infiltration in 1939 compelled the Soviet government to absorb the Baltic Provinces, eastern Poland, and Bessarabia into the Union, strongly organized religious groups of quite different types were brought under the Soviet Constitution. There was no attempt to socialize these areas drastically overnight, nor to uproot their religious institutions. In fact, a compromise economy was worked out, and in the Baltic Provinces glebe land was set aside, the income from which was to accrue to the support of the local churches. Here was a series of test cases to demonstrate the integrity of the Soviet government in respect to its constitutional obligations towards religious freedom.

The German High Command counted upon the assistance of dissident elements among religious groups, especially the German Lutherans along the Volga. These latter the Soviet authorities removed to relocation areas east of the Urals, much as our own government transplanted many Japanese-Americans. Despite German outcry, this was not religious persecution. Although the German propaganda ministry played every stop in appealing to religious dissidence, every religious body in the Union bombarded the Kremlin with messages of support; from the dawn of the Nazi attack this proved to be a patriotic war uniting the entire Soviet Union—Orthodox, Evangelicals, Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, non-believers. For the first time the use of the radio was given to religious leaders to appeal to the nation in support of the war effort. No single fact could better emphasize the basic reconciliation of interests.

The late Metropolitan Sergei, accompanied by the clergy, on his way to church at the time of his elevation to the position of Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia.

From the outset the Nazi propaganda was a fizzle. Since the beginning of the war religious groups have contributed to the civilian defense program, the war bond and war relief drives, and obtained permission to raise funds for tanks and airplane units to be named after canonized saints. When a people are faced with great suffering and sacrifice, they ask silent questions which find their answer only in the religious traditions which have grown out of past suffering and sacrifice and enabled men and women to surmount them. In this respect the Russians are very human. All travelers returning from the Soviet Union since the outbreak of the war refer to the crowded churches, the intense emotions of the people, the reappearance of youth, the presence of uniformed soldiers and officers in the churches, and even the resumption of street-preaching by evangelicals. Something suggesting a religious revival is clearly taking place. Statistics, reported on the eve of the war, indicated that about fifty percent of the population was adhering to religion, with some predominance in the rural over the urban areas—a percentage similar to that of England, France or the United States. Inasmuch as the replacements in the Red Army since the start of the war have been drawn heavily from the rural areas, Sir Bernard Pares estimates that today fifty percent of its ranks are made up of religious believers.

In September 1943, worldwide attention was directed to the publication of a series of decrees granting permission to the Orthodox Church to hold a sobor of its bishops, to elect a Patriarch of All Russia, and to establish a permanent espiscopal council to administer the affairs of their church. A liaison office was attached to the Council of People's Commissars for the facilitation of matters involving church-state relationships, permission was granted for the opening of a series of theological institutes for the training of the clergy, and a religious publication—*The Journal of the Moscow Patriarchate*—was authorized with a wartime circulation of 10,000 copies.

In the next few months similar decrees extended the same privileges to the Mohammedans, the Jews, and then to the non-Orthodox groups. The treatment is equal in every respect, so that all established and registered groups today have access to religious property, the right to set up institutes for the training of their ministers, and propaganda freedom within the limits of wartime restrictions on publications. Only at the point of church schools, and parochial schools in particular, are the Soviet authorities adamant; they simply are not permitted. In this article it is impossible to go into these matters in detail, but enough has been said to indicate clearly that all religious groups are now experiencing in the Soviet Union a place and a consideration different only in degree from that enjoyed elsewhere. And one may properly believe that when the nation is no longer fighting for its life nor subjected to the present wartime shortages, we in the United States will begin to receive normal printed materials

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produced by religious groups which will indicate beyond a shadow of doubt the character of their activities and the degree of their freedom to operate in the Soviet Union. Religion in the United States has achieved a singularly fortunate position in society, thanks to a relatively happy history. It would be idle to suggest that conditions in the Soviet Union are as yet on a par with those here, but, in view of the historical background, the present developments cut the ground out from under those who desire to make religious objections the basis for anti-Soviet propaganda.

GIANT IN ARMOR

By CAPT. SERGEI N. KOURNAKOFF

FROM a military point of view, of the twenty-seven anniversaries of the birth of the Soviet Republics two were tragic and three—triumphant. The first anniversary in 1918 was celebrated in deep anxiety. Although Germany was on the very brink of collapse, the triumphant forces of reaction were gathering around the young Soviet state and their vanguards had already invaded it, starting the war of intervention. A situation was already clearly taking shape which nine months later was to place Moscow and a comparatively small area around it in a ring of fire and steel.

The twenty-fourth anniversary, in 1941, was celebrated in Moscow with a parade of troops who marched straight from Red Square to the front, which was only a few miles to the west of Moscow. The entire country was waiting with bated breath for the outcome of the titanic struggle on the Mozhaisk highway and the correlated struggles in the outskirts of Leningrad and on the Lower Don, at Rostov.

Tragic as was the seventh day of November 1942, at least the Red Army knew and the people sensed that the great trap at Stalingrad was already being forged and that the German tide had reached its apogee—that from then on it would be on the decline. This is why I do not class Nov. 7, 1942 among the tragic anniversaries from a military point of view.

And then there are the three great victory anniversaries. The third, in 1920, when on November 7 the Red Armies of the southern front forced the defenses of Perekop and by occupying the Crimea ended, in the main, the long war of intervention and counterrevolution in European Russia. The fifth, in 1922, when the Soviet Far East was cleared of all interventionists (i.e., mainly Japanese sponsored bands). After that the work of real restoration could begin. This lasted until 1928, when the first Five-Year Plan was launched. Derided by the outside world, it was nevertheless destined to provide the real material foundation for the triumphal twenty-seventh anniversary and the events it crowns.

Marshal Stalin

This, the twenty-seventh anniversary, marks first of all the clearing of practically all Soviet territory ever held by the Germans. At this writing, it is not yet certain that the word "practically" will prove superfluous a week from today. It is possible that the 2,500-odd square miles of the territory of the Latvian Soviet Socialist Republic between Liepaya, Ventspils, and Tukkums will not have been cleared by November 7. There is little doubt that the Soviet High Command will not sacrifice a single Red Armyman's life in order to make the celebration "technically perfect." However, as compared to the three-quarters of a million square miles of territory cleared of the enemy, this little triangle west of the Gulf of Riga is a small item indeed, representing only one-third of one percent of the total.

When one reviews the past year, one sees that on Nov. 7, 1943, the Red Army was at Murmansk, Leningrad, Velikie Luki, Velisz, Gomel, Kiev, and Perekop. And on Nov. 7, 1944, it is at Kirkenes, on Lake Saima, on the island of Oesel and in Riga, near Liepaya, in Goldap in East Prussia, in Praga on the Vistula, on the approaches to Budapest and in Belgrade and in Nish. In a year it has covered distances from seventy-five miles in the Arctic to 800 miles in the south, along a front stretching 1,700 as the crow flies from the Barents Sea to south of the Danube, across the immense tundras of the north, the swamps, forests, and fields of the center and the great horseshoe of the Carpathians in the south. As in the ancient song, the Cossacks have ridden in one year from the Dneiper to the Danube, 800 miles from Dniepropetrovsk to Baya.

This twenty-seventh anniversary caps a series of offensive operations which started in July 1943, at Kursk, and which have been blossoming one out of the other according to a magnificent strategic pattern. These offensive operations have been interrupted only by an operational pause of less than three months last spring.

In these operations a dozen great rivers have been crossed between the Donetz and the Dnieper on one side and the Nieman, Vistula, and Danube on the other. Several huge traps, second only to the trap at Stalingrad, have been sprung on the Germans. Some of the strongest fortifications on any front have been cracked at Leningrad, on the upper Dnieper, on the Volkhov, Lake Ilmen, and along the border of East Prussia. Three of Germany's five remaining satellites have been forced to switch sides, and the fourth, Hungary, has been brought to the verge of collapse.

A quarter of a century ago, it took Soviet Russia several years between the end of the Civil War and the beginning of the period of reconstruction. Today, this reconstruction is going on concurrently with the war. Yes, not only restoration, but reconstruction: i.e., not only rebuilding, but rebuilding according to a better plan. Finally, this twenty-seventh anniversary can boast of following upon Teheran, which brought the Soviet Union out of the isolation forced upon her and into the concert of the great civilized nations of the world.

Truly, a great anniversary!

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BEHIND STILWELL'S RECALL

By FREDERICK V. FIELD

A MAJOR breakdown has occurred in the Far Eastern theater of war. One arm of our two-armed attack upon the Japanese enemy has been crippled. The military breakdown derives from the political deterioration of the Chinese government, which in turn is the result of the deep-rooted economic and social fallacies upon which Chungking has tried to maintain itself.

The recall of the valiant American general, Stilwell, and the resignation of our ambassador, who has had a record of notable service in his present post, are culminations of a process which has been apparent for a long time. Since before Pearl Harbor it has been evident to informed persons abroad, including officials of all branches of our own government and armed services, that the Chinese nation as a fighting unit was approaching disaster. During the last year the situation has been deemed so acute that the American government has taken unusual measures to cope with it.

Through our ambassador and military representatives the views of our government on the urgency of Chinese unity have been repeatedly and forcefully conveyed to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. There can be no question that at the Cairo Conference a year ago the President himself had the opportunity to put forward these views. These efforts, apparently unavailing, were then supplemented by our sending to China a whole series of officials representing various economic and military agencies of our government. Their work was bolstered and dramatized by the visits of Vice-President Wallace, Donald Nelson, and Maj. Gen. Patrick Hurley.

There is every evidence that the United States has been exceedingly careful to put forward its point of view—and that, incidentally, of its other allies—in such a way as to promote unity in the coalition rather than the reverse. All possible care has been taken not to offend the Chinese people. Our government has maintained contact with and had news from a great variety of Chinese belonging to many political groups, and from not any single one—the feudal bureaucracy excepted—has there been the slightest intimation that our interest was resented or that the false issue of foreign interference was being raised to defeat the very purposes for which we were employing our emissaries. On the contrary, Chinese of all democratic persuasions have used every opportunity to urge the American people to stand by them in pressing even more strongly for Chinese unity against the common enemy.

Press reports—and they are so consistent with our general picture of the situation as it has been known here that they ring true—indicate that we finally presented Chiang Kai-shek with three conditions which Washington regarded as prerequisites for effective coalition warfare against Japan. We asked, first, that General Stilwell be named commander-in-chief of all Allied forces in China; second, that the Chinese high command undertake a thorough reorganization of its armies in order to eliminate ineffective (to use a mild term) officers; and, third, that the military effort of the Kuomintang and Communist armies be unified.

There can be no doubt as to the wisdom of this position. It is conceivable that if the second and third conditions were accepted and carried out the first would become unnecessary. But under present circumstances, with the Japanese armies rapidly taking over the strategic hinterland to the China coast and destroying the advance airfields from which we have been bombing enemy shipping and outlying bases, military reforms brooked no delay.

THE news of this tragedy in China and of her relations with her allies burst upon the American and British people with suddenness. A severe Chinese censorship controlled by the reactionaries in Chungking coupled with the hope for an improvement that Washington has never let go combined to hold back much of the information now being published by the yard. A natural tendency is therefore to adopt too pessimistic an attitude toward the Chinese scene, to throw up one's hands and relegate the Chinese people to a secondary position for the war's duration.

There is a further danger in the present circumstances. That is the danger that the momentary collapse of the China front will add fuel to the fire of the most reactionary circles in America. If it is assumed that the Chinese people are no longer a factor in the defeat of Japan, then to all intents and purposes the war against Japan loses its vital quality of being a war of coalition. Semi-fascists, isolationists, and imperialists, knowing that China cannot fight until an internal democracy has been initiated, welcome the avoidance of that semblance of a people's war. They say, let the Navy—the American Navy without even the British Navy—complete the job alone! That won't require any deals with Communists or other democratic elements. It will mean, moreover, that we can avoid the embarrassment of arousing the Chinese people politically during the war; if we can squeak through without helping to create a real Chinese nation, they say, our imperialist ambitions after the war will have a far better chance of success.

Such thinking is fallacious and dangerous for more than the obvious reasons. Any situation which feeds reaction is fraught with peril. But I have in mind two other factors. While it is conceivable that we could defeat Japan single-handed, the war would thereby be interminably prolonged. It would cost more lives by far, it would be inefficient, it would be costly in every sense of the term. "Going it alone" would sow seeds which might well destroy the United Nations coalition completely, for it would inevitably be not only anti-Chinese but anti-British and anti-Soviet as well.

Furthermore it is impossible to conceive of postwar security in the Far East without a strong Chinese nation among the United Nations leadership. And if we do not have security in the Far East how can we expect it anywhere? A Chinese nation is not going to spring up immediately after the war out of a vacuum. Nationhood does not jump out of a Pandora's Box. The Chinese nation must be welded in the course of a coalition war against Japan. That is the only way we can be certain of its support in the postwar.

With these considerations in mind, President Roosevelt's position in trying to narrow the area of conflict to a difference of opinion between personalities is wise statesmanship. For it leaves our official position vis-a-vis China and Chiang Kai-shek intact, where it was before Stilwell's recall and Gauss's resignation. Our conditions, with the excep-

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CAMPAIGN POSTSCRIPT

By THE EDITORS

ONE of the casualties of the election campaign was the self-respect of certain individuals and publications that placed partisanship above patriotism. We can, for example, imagine nothing more humiliating to a man like Governor Saltonstall of Massachusetts, who has been a good governor and a supporter of President Roosevelt's foreign policy, than to have introduced Governor Dewey for the speech in which he made his frenzied appeal to the blackest bigotry in the Coughlinite spirit. And the daily self-abasement of the New York *Herald Tribune*, which fought for Wendell Willkie and then tried its best to swallow Dewey, was pitiful to watch. This newspaper, which in the past had struck out against the defeatism and obstructionism of those who called the political tune of the Dewey campaign, now found itself in the position of covering up for the candidate with a passionate lack of conviction which only underlined the unhappy nature of the choice it had made. One step leads to another and before long the *Herald Tribune* was going the whole hog: there was little to distinguish the anti-Semitic overtones in the cartoons on Sidney Hillman which graced the editorial pages of this internationalist newspaper from similar overtones in the cartoons of the pro-fascist Chicago *Tribune*.

And having embraced Dewey, the *Herald Tribune* found it had to take with him the political wardrobe which made him the best-dressed candidate the firm of McCormick & Hearst has ever outfitted. The quality of the *Herald Tribune's* degradation can perhaps best be appreciated from an editorial published November 1 urging votes for three Republican Senatorial candidates, among them Thomas J. Curran of New York and Senator Danaher of Connecticut. It was the *Herald Tribune* itself which had appealed against Curran's nomination on the very day, August 8, that Governor Dewey and the GOP state bosses picked him to run against that distinguished progressive and staunch supporter of the President's foreign policy, Senator Wagner. The Republican Party, said the *Herald Tribune* in its editorial that day, "would be false to the hopes of its supporters and to the great promise of its future if it presented a routine candidate in this year of crisis." But on November 1 the newspaper was plumping for this routine candidate, for a man "whose associations over a good many years," according to the independent Republican, Russell W. Davenport, "have been isolationist and nationalist in character."

And in that same November 1 editorial the *Herald Tribune* described Senator Danaher's record as "isolationist in the extreme"—and then urged his reelection!

Fortunately, not all influential Republicans were afflicted with such partisan blindness. The day after this editorial appeared the *Herald Tribune's* principal intellectual ornament, Walter Lippmann, published his second column—and his last before going overseas—appealing for the retention of FDR because of Dewey's manifest unfitness. This is being written before the election, but we hope that by the time it reaches the reader even the editors of the *Herald Tribune* will be able to breathe a sigh of relief that the voters took Lippmann's advice and not theirs.

THOUGHTFUL Americans may well look aghast at the damage done our country by the unscrupulous campaign of the GOP freebooters: racial animosities have been fanned in every state of the Union. And to a degree unknown to this generation. The efforts to pulverize our nation's wartime unity have left deep scars: Mr. Dewey's unashamed appeal to the Coughlin front at Boston —typical of his party's campaign—will stand as a tragic monument to the 1944 campaign.

We need not repeat here what NEW MASSES' readers already know: that every would-be gauleiter took heart from the Dewey-Bricker drive. We have told how Court Asher's perfidious sheet, *X-Ray*, for example, did its dirty work in the Midwest; the GOP's own Red-baiting leaflet, "It's Time to Change," circulated by the millions the final days of the campaign, added fuel to the flames. The racists are out for blood. There was nothing accidental in the incident at Stamford, Conn., last week, when a young man on a train attacked an aged Jewish rabbi, a refugee from Europe, and after a violently anti-Semitic diatribe, tore half the old man's beard from his face. This is the logical aftermath of the Dewey campaign. It is summarized by John O'Donnell, in Capt. Patterson's New York *News*, who wrote gloatingly from Boston: "Here in Massachusetts you hear openly, and from public men, the observations that are only whispered in other states: that they are 'Damned sick and tired of Roosevelt turning the country over to Frankfurter, Rosenman, Hillman, and Dave Niles.' "

And this isn't all: the Republicans organized their hate, divided their labors of disruption. John L. Lewis' monthly magazine accepted the assignment of spreading this type of racist propaganda among the coal miners: the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson press did it on a larger scale among millions. And the GOP propaganda department passed it on to scores of millions via microphone.

Unfortunately, this thunderhead of hate will not vanish the week after the ballots have been counted: it has a momentum of its own, and the nation must

Must Morris U. Schappes spend Thanksgiving unjustly imprisoned? You can help make the answer to that question "NO," by writing to Governor Dewey, Albany, N. Y., urging him to pardon Morris U. Schappes now.

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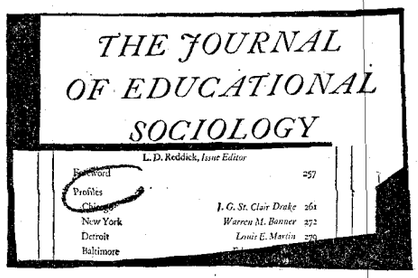
erect appropriate lightning rods to dispel its effects. We can suggest some of these safety measures: (1) passage of legislation barring hate-literature from our mails; (2) penalizing with prison terms all those who engage in racist incitations; (3) dissemination of the lessons of the sedition trial to the country at large so that such a widespread demand for justice will arise as to frighten into retirement all the admirers of Dilling et al.; (4) encouragement of the Fair Employment Practices Committee to maximum effort; (5) stimulation of democratic understanding in our schools, our churches, our press, and over our radio. Space does not permit a fuller range of proposals—these few suggest the course America should take. And finally, an aroused public opinion should pin the Iron Cross of opprobrium on the lapels of such propagandists as Westbrook Pegler and their employers, and make it decidedly unprofitable for them to peddle treason. The times demand prompt and vigorous action or else our entire perspective of victory and postwar harmony is frustrated and wrecked.

Federal's Eleanor

A QUIET, pleasant blondish girl from Wellesley College added another important chapter to the history of American women last week when she was elected president of the United Federal Workers-CIO. For the first time in US labor history a woman has become the head of an international union.

Eleanor Nelson came of age when the fussy elders of the twenties were predicting that the flapper could come to no good end. But now the flapper is as much a matter of history as the corset, and the steps by which Eleanor Nelson rose to her present position of honor follow in a healthy, logical order. In her undergraduate days she made a study of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers (a pretty radical academic subject in the mid-twenties). She became a federal worker and joined the union. She worked skillfully with Post Office, customs, Treasury employes—and with the widely varied groups of artists on the cultural projects of the WPA. She took part in the first constitutional convention at which the CIO was established, became secretary-treasurer of her union and finally won a position on the national executive board of the CIO (being the first and only woman to serve on that body). Her laurels are the reward of exceptionally distinguished and unflagging work, work done out of a love for and a belief in people. Eleanor Nelson and the progressive trade union movement have made a handsome contribution to demolishing the ancient and now fascist beliefs that women should devote themselves to *Kinder, Kirche,* and *Kuche* and no more.

Crime Wave Spreads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THANKS to our undercover investigators, New Masses is able to present this documentary evidence that as far back as January 1944, the "Journal of Educational Sociology" used the word "p----es" on its cover. This word, whether employed in the singular or plural or sliced in any other fashion, is alleged to be the sole property of another scholarly journal, the "New Yorker." In our October 24 issue we recounted the gruesome details of what happened to New Masses when in all innocence it recently used this word, an offense which elicited a stern ultimatum from the "New Yorker's" attorneys, Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst. (A leading member of this firm, Morris Ernst, is also counsel for the noted wit and litterateur, Frank Costello.) It is clear that behind the scholarly front of the "Journal of Educational Sociology" lurks a concerted attack on the whole institution of private property. As we go to press, the editors have not yet been arrested.

Books for More Pockets

MARSHALL FIELD is a man who evidently believes that the handicap of having been born on the wrong side of the tracks should not condemn him to being a hopeless reactionary. He has the odd idea that a man can be progressive though rich. And so besides contributing to various worthy cause and actively supporting President Roosevelt, he has in recent years employed his money in enlightened publishing ventures. In 1940 he founded *PM*. The following year he challenged the Chicago *Tribune's* monopoly of the morning paper field by starting the Chicago *Sun*. And now comes the announcement that Simon & Schuster, Inc., one of the most enterprising and successful of the publishing firms that arose in the early twenties, and the dynamic Pocket Books, Inc., will become part of Field Enterprises, Inc. From the newspaper accounts it is not clear whether Mr. Field has bought these two firms outright, or has acquired a controlling interest, or has merely joined forces with them. But the statement which he issued makes clear that he is not simply interested in a profitable investment. "With them [his associates] I believe in better and better books for more and more people. I share their conviction that books will play an increasingly vital role in safeguarding and enriching the democratic way of life the world over."

Mr. Field is also following the precedent he established in *PM* and will not interfere in the management of the two publishing houses or in the determination of policy. There are times, of course, when one longs for some sane hand to restrain the wild colts who run amok on *PM*, but perhaps that isn't necessary at Simon & Schuster and Pocket Books. Let's hope they work in the spirit of Mr. Field's statement.

The International Air

IT IS no mystery, and those who raised their eyebrows in astonishment should lower them quickly. The USSR refuses to participate in the aviation conference because Spain, Portugal, and Switzerland have been invited. That is reason enough. The meeting in Chicago was supposed to have been an affair of the *United Nations*. Unless we have been dead these last two years, none of these three "neutrals" have been asked to join the grand alliance. And what sort of neutrals are they? Spain and Portugal are fascist dictatorships with a spiritual and political affinity for Berlin. Since 1917, Switzerland has been notoriously anti-Soviet and every bitter enemy of Russia can find comfort and hospitality within its borders. Spain has sent troops to the Eastern Front and many a Red Army man has been maimed or killed as the result of Spanish fire; Spain has supplied Berlin with materials of war—and so has Portugal; Spain's aviation has close links to Germany and it is Nazi avia-

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"Waiting Passengers, Brazil," by Reginald Marsh, from the Army at War exhibit sponsored by the Treasury and War Departments. On exhibit at the Roxy Theater, N. Y.

tors and technicians who operate her aircraft. One of Spain's delegates to the Chicago meeting is the notorious Kindelan, formerly a commander in the Franco air force, who in a speech to Mussolini's pilots at the close of the Spanish war said: "Together we shall fly in the skies of the victorious fascists of tomorrow."

There is good reason, then, for the Russians to be amazed at this diplomatic blunder on the part of those (was it Adolf Berle who pulled this stupid stunt?) who issued the invitations, just as we would be flabbergasted if the Russians invited the Japanese to a meeting in which we had also been asked to join. In no time the Germans will know through their Spanish friends what has been going on at the Chicago conference. Nor should one forget that Spain's presence is also hazardous for the United States, which has had to help clean out Nazi aviation interests in Latin America —interests that acted as political and propaganda mediums for German and Spanish fascism and which Franco's boys continue to this day.

The aviation conference, apart from this scandalous aspect is important. All such meetings are excellent ground on which to settle otherwise harassing problems that make for friction in international relations. The first thing to be noted about the Chicago meeting are the differences in approach of the American and British delegates. Our aviation industry is the strongest in the world; the British are at least five years behind the Americans. And with this as a starting point one can understand why London insists on international controls which the American planners feel would hurt American commercial aviation. Then there are the issues of air sovereignty, involving the question of freedom of passage over foreign territory. There are also a host of technical and political problems ranging from the use of bases and international conventions to matters of military security. It will not be easy to reconcile the differences in points of view and the task is made even harder by the enforced absence of the USSR. Soviet representatives are continuing bilateral discussions in Washington but until they are present at a full-dress meeting the Chicago conference decisions will at best be tentative.

Argentine Maneuver

For some months past we have been witnessing a disgraceful campaign in this country over Washington's handling of policy on Argentina. It has emanated from Sumner Welles who has, unfortunately, sufficient influence so that the President himself found it necessary publicly to disavow Welles' claims. The Welles line has emphasized two points: first, that in any and all circumstances it is unwise to use the weapon of non-recognition as an instrument of policy; and, secondly, that in putting pressure upon the Argentine fascists the United States has acted unilaterally, has failed to consult with other American republics.

We completely disagree with Welles on the first point and support the President and State Department in their decision to withhold recognition from such a patently enemy government as that under Farrell and Peron. But it is with the second point that we are mainly concerned, for Welles' position is now being exploited by the Argentine government.

It is a well known fact that all matters pertaining to hemisphere affairs are increasingly subject to review and decision by one or another of the rather elaborate set of inter-American committees that have been evolved under the Good Neighbor policy. It is an established and known fact that such consultation took place, and took place frequently, over the Argentine problem. Our decision to withhold recognition and our further decisions to bring other pressures to bear upon Buenos Aires were reached in joint consultation with the other American republics, with the exception, of course, of Argentina herself. Yet Mr. Welles has stubbornly persisted in saying that our decisions in this matter have been reached unilaterally.

Recently the Argentine government has sought to take advantage of this falsehood by issuing an invitation via the Pan American Union for a conference of foreign ministers over the policies leading to the isolation of their country. If accepted on the conditions proposed in the invitation, the fascists doubtless would interpret this as tacit admission of previous failure to undertake such joint discussion. If, on the other hand, the invitation were rejected Washington would be placed in the position of turning down the opportunity to discuss the matter with the other republics. Thus a trap has been laid upon ground which Sumner Welles had much to do in preparing.

The course to be followed must, in our opinion, be unequivocally faithful to the position already taken in opposition to the Argentine fascist government. There is need for another conference of foreign ministers, not to discuss what has already been decided regarding Argentina by international consultation, but to consider where we jointly and collectively go from here. Either such a conference should be called and held quite apart from the one now proposed by Buenos Aires, or in accepting the one it has proposed it must be expanded as to subject matter and turned squarely against them. Perhaps Farrell and Peron, with Welles' aid, have launched a boomerang after all.

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SONG TO FREEDOM

Henrietta Buckmaster's "Deep River" reviewed by Elizabeth Lawson.

FROM a Negro spiritual with deep undertones of the fight for liberty, Henrietta Buckmaster has derived the title for her new novel, *Deep River*.* Even under the sharp eye of the plantation owner and the overseer, the slaves sang their songs of freedom; to the master the songs carried one meaning, to the slaves another. "Deep River," the voices sang, "my home is over Jordan; deep river, I want to cross over into camp ground." Clearly, a religious song —but to thousands of black singers, the River Jordan was the Ohio, and camp ground was the blessed free soil of the North.

The scene of Miss Buckmaster's novel is Georgia in 1859 and 1860, the years of John Brown's raid and of Lincoln's election. They were years when the slaveholders were committing those last, unforgivable crimes which raised up a nation of free people against them; when, in the words of the novel, "the lightning was gathering, the thunderheads forming, the wind gathering force."

Two tales are intertwined in this book: the first is the story of the Underground Railroad, the second the story of the fight of the white mountain folk of Georgia against the slave system which held them in a bondage only less painful than that of the slaves themselves.

America's Underground Railroad is one of the great epics of history, and there is in it the material for a hundred fine novels. The popular myths about the American slave South, myths fabricated by the slaveholders and parroted even today by neo-Confederate historians, must surely fall silent as the story of the Underground becomes known. Over the Underground Railroad, by the hundreds, by the thousands, came the slaves who meant to be dead or to be free. Nailed up in boxes, clinging to the sides of boats, cramped in the false bottoms of wagons, they fled. The masters raised the rewards, doubled the patrols, heightened the punishments. And yet the slaves fled, by day hiding in swamps, by night following the North Star, for hours standing in icy water to confuse the manhunters who pursued them. The federal government passed more stringent laws, designed to turn the North into a vast trap for fugitives. And still the slaves came on, women who were disguised as boys, boys who were disguised as women—fleeing, fleeing endlessly into the North and freedom.

Not only the Negro slaves and the northern Abolitionists challenged the dominion of the slavocracy: in the southern mountains lived the men robbed by slavery of their heritage in the land, pushed by the ever-encroaching plantations into the inhospitable hills, denied their just voice in the law-making bodies of the states. They hated slavery. Most of them also hated the slaves. But here and there were a handful of white men and women who saw themselves and the slaves as the common victims of a system. And so the southern mountains became bright oases in the midst of hell, and the mountaineers passed along fugitives, fought secession, and prepared themselves for their great role in the Civil War.

These two epics of human courage and will to freedom—the epic of the fugitive slaves and the epic of the rebellious southern mountaineers—Henrietta Buckmaster has woven together into her novel. Simon Bliss is known to his neighbors as a mountain farmer, a part-time attorney, and a member of the Georgia legislature. He is also a stationmaster on the Underground Railroad; but this portion of his life is secret, for the penalty which Georgia prescribes for these activities is death. His non-slaveholding brothers in Georgia number a million; the slaveholders against whom he pits himself number only a thousand; but it is the thousand who wield the power. To Simon's wife, Savanna, her grandfather describes the life that she must therefore expect with her husband: "He'll speak with a low voice, and will give thanks to his God if one or two other voices raise up with his . . . he'll walk a lone path, ambushed on all sides by those who'll seek to spill his blood . . . peace will pass you by . . . you'll have to learn silence and stealth and watching and waiting, when every pulse in your body is crying out for a free voice and free ways."

Eugene Karlin.

Whether the portrait of Savanna, Simon's wife, was intentionally drawn in sharp and angry contrast to Scarlett O'Hara, I do not know, but it is my privilege to guess that it was. Savanna is the antithesis of the accepted southern heroine of fiction. Like Scarlett, she is a native of Georgia; like Scarlett, she is the daughter of a slaveholder; like Scarlett, she is beautiful. Here the resemblance ends. The greatest influence in Savanna's early life was her grandfather, who was brought up in the tradition of Jefferson to hate the rule of one man over another. And so Savanna is prepared to become Simon's eager coworker on the Underground; she is brave, resourceful, politically alert; she performs the common household tasks with which society has attempted to bind the abilities of women, but these tasks do not encompass her life. "I don't hold with women waiting," she tells Simon; "they've waited a heap too long."

In this book are breathless tales of escape, skilfully told, filled with suspense. People who enter the story as ordinary folk suddenly take on the stature of heroes; insignificant itinerant

*DEEP RIVER, *by Henrietta Buckmaster. Harcourt, Brace. $3.00.*

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peddlers are revealed as courageous propagandists for freedom, carrying Abolition tracts into the heart of slave territory. Negro laborers and servants whose ordinary speech and facial expression divulge nothing, are discovered to hold in their competent hands the multiple threads of the Underground web.

And all of it is written with the vividness, the tenderness, the color that we have come to expect of Henrietta Buckmaster. The publication of *Deep River* is an event for the general reader, for the student of history, and for all who, in their aspiration for the bright freedom of tomorrow, would lay hold of the bright tradition of yesterday.

ELIZABETH LAWSON.

Education of an American

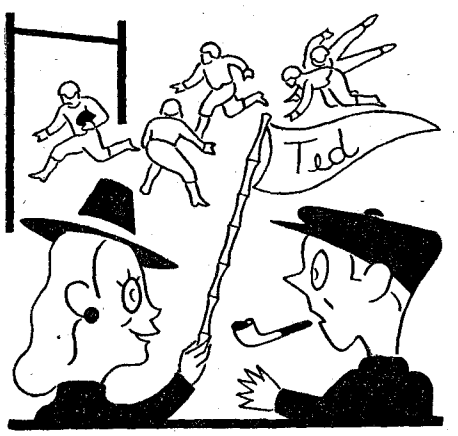
OF SMILING PEACE, *by Stefan Heym. Little, Brown. $2.50.*

CERTAIN books, because of the timeliness of their material or the importance of their themes, practically demand being written. The new novel by Stefan Heym, the author of *Hostages*, is such a book. *Of Smiling Peace* deals with the Allied invasion of North Africa and centers around Mr. Heym's reconstruction of *l'affaire* Darlan. The fascist enemy is represented by Major Liszt, an aristocratic Junker and German staff officer who had served also on Franco's staff. The author, with his clear and intelligent understanding of fascism and its intricate threats to our total victory, speaks through Lieutenant Wolff, a German-American intelligence officer, who has behind him a record of escape from a Hitler concentration camp and service in the International Brigades in Spain.

Colonel Wintringham, Wolff's superior officer, brings to this situation a combination of characteristic American attitude—courage, intelligence, political naivete, a simple and firm belief in democracy and decency. In the course of the three-cornered battle which whirls about him—between Wolff, Liszt, and the Vichyite General, Monaitre—Wintringham matures in an understanding of the nature of the true enemy.

This structure, against a background of intrigue, love-interest, vignettes of German and American soldiers, battle scenes, escapes, pursuits, and captures, would seem to promise an exciting and powerful book. Yet somehow it does not quite come off.

One reason for this disappointment seems to be Mr. Heym's failure to think



"Wonder who's going to win the New Masses contest?"

throughf parts of his story. He works long and hard, for example, to build Marguerite, the only woman in the book. Yet she does not come to life. Her role, other than as a mutual stumbling block for Liszt and Wolff, is not clear. And though it is formally fitting that Jerez, the political pimp, should get her in the end, we are not convinced that she would consent to marry him. It is probably for this reason also that Monaitre remains essentially a symbol instead of becoming a person.

Then again, the book contains a good many "speeches," some of them highly improbable and many of them with the air of being hasty shortcuts. Perhaps Mr. Heym was simply in a hurry, or maybe he has so much excess plot that he does not leave himself room for the slower creative development of his situations and people. At any rate, Lieutenant Wolff spends a good deal of time lecturing people—his former-Jehovah's-Witness Sergeant, Sergeant Shadow; Liszt, who is posing as a Vichyite—and, perhaps consequently, Wolff himself seems constantly on the verge of being created. And there seems to be no other way of explaining the necessity of putting the following description of Wolff into the mouth of Liszt, of all people—"There was something in his eyes that was stronger than we are—much stronger and much more frightening. . . . There is a new time coming in with him."

But all of this is not to say that the novel is without its valuable rewards. Liszt is a real and interesting creation, a notable contribution to the analysis of the Junker mind. Jerez is even brilliantly drawn. Only deep insight and understanding could give us the picture of fear in battle which is Sergeant Shadow. All of the common soldiers, both Nazi and American, are sketched with strong and sure strokes.

And, in fact, it may be claimed that the book's final justification and success lies in the clear and sound picture of Colonel Wintringham, who is in a sense its central character. "Do you actually mean to tell me," he demands, speaking of Monaitre, the Vichyite, "that any man, officer of the army or civilian, could betray his country in such shameless manner?" The education of this American is no matter of magical conversion but is organic and integral to the novel's development. By the end of the book he has grown to the conclusions which he can now accept. On leaving Monaitre's funeral he asks Sagamond, the anti-fascist French journalist, "Suppose Monaitre wanted to betray us—could you give a motive that would stand up before unbiased judgment?" But he is by now prepared for the answer—"No. Because there is no unbiased judgment. You, too, Colonel, must learn to be biased. You can look at Monaitre from only one viewpoint; he belongs to a group or class which have no more justification for existence. . . . That is what the war is about, whether you like it or not."

DAVID MCK. WHITE.

Awakening Africa

WITHOUT BITTERNESS, *by A. A. Nwafor Orizu. Creative Age Press. $3.00.*

THE author of *Without Bitterness* is a twenty-four-year-old African, member of a ruling family of Nigeria. A student in this country for the past five years, he has received his master's degree from Columbia University, where he studied government and public law. In this book of almost 400 pages he has set down—with all the sincerity, assurance, and exuberance of a twenty-four-year-old author—facts and opinions which make up a guide book and history of Africa, a commentary on African and Anglo-Saxon ways of life, a personal moral and political philosophy, and a program for the emancipation of his homeland, Nigeria. All this is addressed in part to American or British readers, and in part to the people of Africa.

The most important thing in *Without Bitterness* is the author's review of the little known antiquity and greatness of the Nigerian people's political and cultural history. He gives a sweeping refutation of the argument that his people are incapable of, or not ready for, self-rule. He appeals to Europe and America to "seriously realize the spirit of awakened Africa," and to establish in

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place of imperialism a "democratic co-operation and democratic interdependence whereby all the countries of the world shall become useful to one another, be they European, African, American, or Asiatic." If this is not done, he warns, the world "will have to accept the impending catastrophe which will result from a revolutionary era in the postwar Africa."

The author sees industrialization and "the electrification of life" as the greatest need for his country. He desires a democratic self-governing social organization (though under a Nigerian king) with the right of self-determination. These things will enable Nigeria, with its population of twenty to thirty million inhabitants, to take its place in the world of today. This, he says, must be accomplished not in the distant future, but in the present; and not by any violent upheaval and drastic transformation, but "without bitterness" and by grafting the best of that which is foreign to the best of that which is indigenous.

These perspectives are wholly valid. More than that, they are the only perspectives possible for colonial areas such as Nigeria in planning for a new world order of security and abundance. The author expresses this major principle in general terms, but he would have made a more impressive case for his American and British readers by giving it more concrete documentation—for example, in speaking of the technological and financial assistance which Nigeria needs from America.

He would have made a more impressive case, also, by giving more evidence of the "new social consciousness" of the African. One gets too little information from Mr. Orizu regarding the present-day thinking and organization of youth movements, women's groups, cooperatives, trade unions, and other mass organizations of the people. Indeed, among the three elements the author sees as determining the fate of Nigeria —the Nigerian people, the Nigerian kings, and the British government—it is the people whom he finds most to blame for the "backwardness of Nigeria." "The habit of blaming others for our faults will not save us," Mr. Orizu says. "Let us do our part and the rest will come to us." He is talking here intimately to his own people, of course, but the preservers of empire will surely welcome this African spokesman's echo of the kind of patronizing advice which they have been giving to their colonial subjects since time immemorial.

Mr. Orizu is particularly interested in the manner in which self-government for his country will or can evolve, and the form it should take. There is not opportunity here, unfortunately, to outline his views on this subject. Mention should be made, however, of certain questionable points, such as his insistence that political authority must be handed over to and vested in the traditional kings—and even the British-created "administrative chiefs," despite their shortcomings and their questionable prestige among some sections of the people—simply because there is "no ready symbolic substitute"; or his belief that the definition of Nigeria's status as a protectorate rather than a colony has crucial bearing upon the achievement of independence from British rule; or his unqualified rejection of any plan for internationalized colonial administration.

There is much valuable information in *Without Bitterness*, and its central message—the danger of regarding Africa any longer "as a mere European property"—is an especially important one for the world at this moment to hear and heed. It is therefore all the more unfortunate that the book was not made more readable by the exclusion of a great deal of extraneous material, inclusion of a few maps and charts, greater economy of expression, and more care in the organization of subject matter in order to make a more unified and forceful impression upon the American public.

ALPHAEUS HUNTON.

Apologia Pro Chiang

CHIANG KAI-SHEK—ASIA'S MAN OF DESTINY, *by H. H. Chang. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.*

THE present volume, by a Chinese teacher and diplomat, is a distinct disappointment on many counts. It is cluttered up with numerous digressions and tiresomely reiterates the stock attitudes of the official bureaucracy of the ruling Kuomintang party. The following is a good example of Mr. Chang's unconvincing eulogistic portrait: "Chiang was able in the space of twenty years to lead his country from bondage to liberty, from virtual slavery to freedom. He has changed the entire course of Chinese history."

Instead, therefore, of a sober analysis of Chiang Kai-shek's leadership or his role in recent years as the pivot of divergent forces in the Kuomintang, we get an uncritical outpouring that bears little relation to the facts in the case. Furthermore, the author glosses over the fundamental reasons for China's current plight: the backward land system, the

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lack of political democracy in the Chungking government, the unresolved Kuomintang-Communist problem, and the crying need for an all-out mobilization of all classes of the people against the Japanese invaders.

Had the author thrown light on these crucial issues, he would have performed a public service at a time when Americans are keenly interested in China's internal affairs. But he has failed utterly to do so; and it is no disparagement of the heroic seven years' resistance of the Chinese people to point out that Mr. Chang's book contributes little to a real understanding of our Far Eastern ally.

J. B. DAVIDSON.

Brief Reviews

THE MIRACLE OF AMERICA, *by Andre Maurois. Harper. $3.50.*

ANDRE MAUROIS, the author of polite best-selling biographies of Byron, Shelley, and Disraeli, has produced a one-volume history of the United States which is equally politely and pleasantly written. There are many one-volume histories of the United States, some good and some bad. A new one requires at least some excuse of slant or purpose. Mr. Maurois, in his preface, says that his intent is to give a picture of the United States to Frenchmen, and perhaps to help Americans by showing them what a foreigner thinks of the development of our country. This could be very valuable; but Mr. Maurois unfortunately shows no real understanding of our history, and at times even violently distorts it.

The role of such figures as Jefferson and Jackson he reduces to a dead level of copybook platitude and personal anecdote, but for men like Thaddeus Stevens and William Lloyd Garrison he reserves a well-bred malignancy that is infuriating to a democratic American reader. About the War of 1812, which guaranteed our independence against both foreign military power and its native agents, his conclusions are: "It is hard to imagine a more absurd and fruitless conflict." His discussion of the Reconstruction period is a collection of every Bourbon slander against the patriotic Congress and the democratic white and Negro masses of the South, and a glorification of the KKK and the Knights of the White Camellia.

There is no explanation or theory of America's development to back up the implication of the title. All in all, the pleasant lively style is but veneer on a superficial book.

FROM DESPOTISM TO REVOLUTION, 1763-1789, *by Leo Gershoy. (Vol. X of The Rise of Modern Europe, ed. by William L. Langer.) Harper. $4.00.*

"THE Rise of Modern Europe" series is a useful project of Harper & Brothers, whose purpose is to publish a twenty-volume history of Europe from 1250 to the present day, summarizing for the general reader the great body of research and scholarship which has been amassed in recent years. *From Despotism to Revolution, 1763-1789,* will take its place as Volume X in this series. It deals with one of the most critical periods in European history, the beginnings of the industrial revolution and the eve of the great European democratic political movement ushered in by the French Revolution of 1789-1793.

Mr. Gershoy's approach, which treats this complex period as one of transition between decaying feudalism and nascent bourgeois democracy, is a healthy one when compared with the frequent attempts to present it merely as a collection of the personal abilities and ambitions of the "enlightened despots" who loom so large on the forestage of the history of the time. This effort is vitiated, however, when, as for example in his treatment of the causes of the French Revolution, over-atomized analysis tends to weaken understanding of the grand sweep of a movement.

The book is illustrated with taste and relevance and has a competent bibliography.

Stilwell

(*Continued from page 19*)

tion of General Stilwell's part in them, for the reconstitution of China's fighting power remain. The door is wide open for the democratic forces within and outside the Kuomintang to reform their government, to reorganize their armies, and to bring unity among all groups capable of or willing to fight the Japanese enemy.

Let us not, therefore, fall into the reactionary trap of writing off the Chinese people in this war. Let us instead redouble the efforts to support those forces in China—and they constitute the vast majority—who wish desperately to rid themselves of the Chungking clique which has brought them to the present disaster. By the same token let us encourage those in our own country who are committed to the policy of aiding in the establishment of a united Chinese nation.

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"THE RAINBOW"

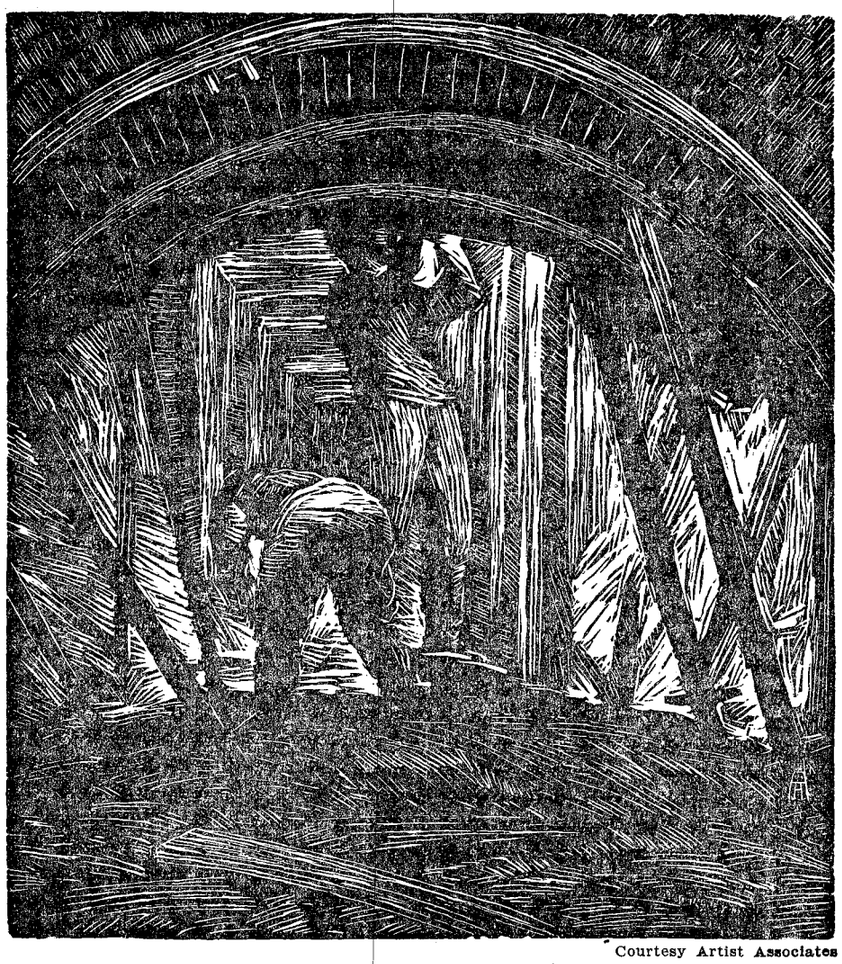
By JOSEPH FOSTER

"THE RAINBOW," latest Soviet film at the Stanley, is a masterpiece of production, a document of enduring value. Through the brilliant adaptation of the material in Wanda Wasilewska's prize-winning novel, the director, cameraman, and actors have created a film that will incontestably rank with the great Soviet cinema classics of the past. As in many of these, the heroic protagonist is not the individual who gives of himself without counting the cost, but the collective unit, in this instance a Ukrainian village consisting of old men, women, and children. Since the Nazi pattern of occupation is the same for all villages, it is fair to assume that *The Rainbow* is an account of the moral strength, the unconquerable spirit of not only one specific group, but of the entire Soviet Union.

As against the Nazi weapons of intimidation and murder, the village counters with an insurmountable wall of silence and hate. The advantage may seem to be with the Nazis, but the corrosive force of resistance destroys the morale of the invaders long before they have penetrated the defenses of the village inhabitants. The frozen, swaying corpses of murdered hostages are prominently gibbeted in the streets not as a warning to the living, as the Nazis proclaim, but as a symbol of their apparent superiority in which they may take dubious comfort.

The objectives of the Nazi garrison are to find and destroy the local guerrillas and to wrest the hidden grain from the tight-lipped Russians. Both are necessary to their consolidation and security. As the *Militaire* continues to be thwarted in these aims the fury and bestiality of the invader rises to a higher and higher pitch. The Nazis find a local quisling and one woman who gives herself to the Kommandant for sweets and silk stockings, but they are of no help. The swastika soldiers visit upon the villagers a life of anguish and indescribable torture. A woman guerrilla, returning to the village to have her baby, is captured and thrown into a barn to await the birth of the child; a small boy is killed for attempting to bring her some bread as she lies there. The next morning her baby is shot and she, stripped of her clothes, is chased up and down the snow-covered hills and machine-gunned before the horrified eyes of the villagers watching the scene from behind frost-covered windows. Other townspeople are beaten, imprisoned, hanged. But the Germans' weapons break upon the rock of Soviet courage, spend themselves upon the wall of silence.

Nazi malevolence is presented with such staggering candor that many of the commentators came away convinced that it required a strong stomach to sit through *The Rainbow*. It is rumored that the Loew and RKO chains refused to distribute the film because of its too-brutal reality. Assuming that the reaction in these instances was honest, I think these people missed the film's point. It was not *The Rainbow's* intention to present a catalogue of Nazi horrors, but to demonstrate the Soviet will to victory, the defense of their way of life, the confidence in their army, their hope in the future. In this the film succeeds so well that the final impression is not one of horror but of a quiet, deep-seated joy. The very title is indicative of this. Every agony suffered by the Soviet citizen is absorbed and then overcome by an indestructible spirit that re-



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fuses to admit defeat. This illuminates scene after scene, requiring not so much audience "stomach" as heart and understanding. I would like to select a few sequences to illustrate this point.

Early in the film, as Olena, the captured guerrilla, is in labor, the entire village's concern is for her comfort. When the twelve-year-old son of Maliuchia, one of the villagers, is killed, attempting to bring her some bread, Maliuchia retrieves the body, that it may be buried by Russian hands. The Nazis turn the village upside down in an effort to find the body, but no one betrays the secret. Normally, so tragic a death might lead to defeat and resignation, but not so here. Even the shooting of her son is turned by Maliuchia into an opportunity for defiance and defeat of the enemy. The boy's burial is a moving and poignant incident. With characteristic stoicism, the mother and her other children bury him inside the house. As they trample down the earth, so that the Nazis will not detect the grave, the youngest begins to cry. The sound provides a grim counterpoint to the threnody of the burial. Only the very youngest lacks the final discipline, says the expression of the other children as they silently stamp upon the earth covering their brother. This example of unbreakable spirit appears again in Olena as she is having her child. Frozen, beaten, starved, wracked by pain, attended only by two brutish guards, she hangs on so that she may give birth. Future generations will build a stronger and better world, will cover the scars of the present. She must contribute to that future. You understand that that is why, even in the midst of war, she plans to have a baby, and why she can be stronger than her own suffering. But she will not sell out, even at the price of saving this life. The future cannot be purchased at the expense of the present. Rather than betray the guerrillas, she sees her newborn baby killed.

This spirit is manifest in a mass demonstration in what is perhaps the most memorable scene in the picture. The villagers are sustained in their hardships by the thought that sooner or later the Red Army will rescue them. Sooner or later, their tormentors will feel the wrath of the Russian armed fighters. But the first time the film introduces any Red Armymen, they are part of a wounded, barefooted, bleeding column of prisoners. The women (their mothers, wives, and sweethearts) might well have been heartbroken, but their only thought is for the comfort of the wounded men. When one of the men whispers they have had no food for three days, every hut is ransacked for the last remaining morsel of bread. Up and down the street the women dart around the Nazi soldiers, pressing their bread upon the captives. Music, camera, actors synchronize their movement to create a breathtaking moment. When machinegun fire puts an end to this business, mothers urge their small sons to cut across the fields and intercept the moving column. By throwing the bread upon the road, some of the Russian prisoners might be able to pick it up. Though the death of her oldest son is still fresh in her memory, Maliuchia urges her next oldest to run with the bread. The boys struggle through the snowdrifts and the audience struggles with them. But the youngsters get there too late, and tears of frustration cloud their vision as they watch the column straggle out of sight.

The episodes I have dwelt upon are not isolated in quality or meaning from the rest of the film. I merely indicate them to outline the spirit which dominates its entire length.

This film is persuasive in its historical content not only because of the writing and acting, which leave little to be desired, but also because of its technical brilliance. Cameraman Boris Monastirsky has photographed backgrounds and objects with a view to composition, dramatic use of light and shade, structure, and clarity, but has so selected his shots as to make them part of the action. The houses of the village, the snow, the windswept streets, the dismantled interiors, are part of the historic moment. These shots are so carefully interwoven into the fabric of the whole that they underline facial expression, give added weight to the dialogue. In short, by the sensitive and understanding use of scenery and props, the background ceases to be a static backdrop against which the actors perform, but becomes in itself a dramatic factor that contributes to the total meaning. It is a filmic achievement that creates as untheatrical and as realistic a product as a "staged" motion picture can be made to be.

Director Mark Donskoy can indeed be proud of his handiwork. Most critics have called it a masterpiece that will live beyond its immediate relevance.

ON BROADWAY

THIS year as last, the Broadway theater has opened up with a veritable spluttering of new plays not worth their popping and the critics are struggling with a vocabulary which cannot adequately express the inconsequential effect. However, of the six plays that came in this fortnight, one is definitely a lovely rocket and goes far to restore one's faith in the theater's being a place of feeling and beauty. I refer to John Van Druten's *I Remember Mama*, adapted from Kathryn Forbes' slight family sketches in *Mama's Bank Account*.

I am not sure Clarence Day started it, but since *Life With Father*, which in book form was a collection of family sketches, we have had a number of gay stage renditions of other loosely-living family characterizations—for characterization has been their common strength. There was *My Sister Eileen*, and there still is *Chicken Every Sunday*. In the new dramatization brought to the Music Box by the indefatigable team of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, Miss Forbes' Norwegian immigrants come to life with a sense of earnestness of purpose, family loyalty, and tenderness of interrelationships that is very touching even though it is depicted in comedy. Mr. Van Druten has again done a sweet job of writing and directing and he has been seconded by a delightful company enjoying an actor's holiday.

But most of all, he has to thank Oscar Homolka for his robust, roistering, tyrannical Uncle Chris, and Mady Christians, whom I consider a great lady of the theater, for her wonderfully wise and direct portrayal of Mama. It is Mama that is the heart and center of the story. It is she who is the strategist, the annealer, the exemplar to her children, the moderator among her snippish sisters. The fictional bank account with which she constantly bolsters the family's sense of security draws its real cash from her fierce love for all of them.

Though the play is arbitrarily divided into two parts, Mama is actually engaged in three major episodes: seeing her youngest child, Dagmar, through her hospitalization to health; bringing the comfort of her wisdom and love to Uncle Chris at his dying; and taking her oldest daughter, Katrin, who so wants to be a writer, out of the stage of aping

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what she has read and into the stage of her own life experience. There are a number of subsidiary episodes interspersed throughout: Mama helping her maiden sister to clinch the neighborhood undertaker, club-footed Uncle Chris bullying doctors and nurses so that he can sit beside his little nephew in the hospital and roar encouragement at him to get well and be able to run about again, Katrin learning to value honest sentiment above show, and Mama bestowing upon Katrin her first cup of coffee, symbol of her having grown up. Katrin, beautifully played by Joan Tetzel, is a charming study of a creative, expressive girl, curious about all experience, sometimes frightened by its challenge but meeting it bravely, as when she is called upon to witness her Uncle's death, and at all times trying to find out more about herself in the knowledge that she is the key to all humanity. In contrast, her younger sister, played with sureness by Frances Heflin, has no creative avenue of expression and sees all experience from the intensely sharp angle of family interest.

Though the artistic success of *I Remember Mama* depends upon the most delicate balances of characterization and incident, it is only occasionally that Van Druten's adroit hand misses. One of the off-key spots is the caricatured scene in the park between Aunt Trina and her little husband—definitely the fault of the writer-director, for until then Adrienne Gessner and Bruno Wick had been entirely in realistic character. In spite of its amusing nature, I thought the play actually stopped with the gay death scene, which was perhaps just a bit too gay; therefore the last episode in which Katrin grows up seemed to drag a bit, like a tail that shouldn't have been there.

Van Druten's manner of cohering the rambling original is fresh and arresting in its marriage of radio convention to theater presentation: Katrin's narration forms the bridges that hold the incidents together, yet she moves directly into their action. George Jenkins, employing turntables at both ends of the fixed center, moved the production brilliantly along from scene to scene. Lucinda Ballard dressed the company with clever regard for all character values. Altogether, an evening everybody loved.

IN *Snafu*, the only other entertaining play of the period under consideration, Louis Solomon and Harold Buchman employ the first act to set up the double problem of adjustment to civilian life of a Marine Sergeant of sixteen, discharged after battle experience, and the adjustment of his parents to a boy whom they have to get to know again. They then devote the next two acts to avoiding altogether the stated theme.

For the truth is that what happens to Ronald Stevens when he gets out of uniform might have happened to him if he had never heard of the war. Instead of following through on the many indicated angles of adjustment, the authors hurl Ronny out of comedy into the most contrived farcical situations involving mistaken identities, climbing into a girls' dormitory at night, an implied accusation of theft, and bastardy. The resulting evening is wholly out of George Abbott; but once you've made the necessary adjustment, it constitutes a good time for all: playwrights, director, actors, and audience. Billy Redfield gives us a perfectly believable boy more harassed by his authors than by the psychological situation; Russell Hardie and Elspeth Eric struggle hard to keep their parts from being held to a comic-strip pattern. There are many other competent and amusing performances, especially by the rather over-strenuous Eugenia Delarova, by Bethel Leslie as the girl next door, by Enid Markey as her evil-minded chaperon, by Patricia Kirkland, and by John Souther—who once more proves himself a delightful character actor. The best single feature in the play, and the best of its kind in many seasons of living-room dramas, is the beautiful and spacious set by John Root.

The theme of the returning serviceman has now been treated one way or another in a number of this season's presentations, most notably in *Men to the Sea*. It deserves real exploration because it is becoming, and must increasingly become, a serious problem to many millions of our people.

HARRY TAYLOR.

At the Ballet

NEW works by George Balanchine were the featured premieres of the short fall season by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo at the City Center Theater, and by the Ballet Theater at the Metropolitan Opera House. "*Danses Concertantes*" (Stravinsky) and "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" (Strauss)—the latter unfinished at the time of presentation—were given by the Ballet Russe; "Ballet Academy" (Rieti) by the Ballet Theater.

Balanchine represents a trend in ballet which cries for appraisal on its own

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merits, and not, as is too often the case, by comparison with contemporary works in an entirely different genre. Balanchine may be "abstract" where others are specific; he may be "cerebral" while others are emotional; he may be "decadent" where others are quick—but these short-cut adjectives miss by a mile what the essentials are: that Balanchine is working within a balletic style which has its own verities to bring to the art, its own compulsions to bear upon the artist, and its own rewards to recommend to the audience. Unless, when seeing a new Balanchine work, this basic approach is approximated, one is tempted to rate Balanchine as an eccentric whose talents are "wasted" on novelty for the sake of shock, on exhibitionism at the expense of integrity.

There is no doubt that theatricalism and smart tricks are quite often his stock in trade; that he lets sensationalism sneak into even some of his best works. But when Balanchine is good, he is very, very good!

Now, what *is* good about Balanchine? He is outstanding as a choreographic architect. He moulds movement almost as a polyphonist composes. He sets "voice" against "voice"—melodic line against harmonic structure—he understands musical phrasing in choreographic terms with singular clarity and precision. Our ability to enjoy what Balanchine does, then, must be predicated upon our willingness to accept these rich and varied patterns of movement, of technical invention, these architectural geometries of moving design, on their own ground—without demanding emotional coloring or "content." Balanchine comprehends music not as a setting for his ideas, but as a visual extension into space of the music's movement in time.

It is not surprising, therefore, to realize that some of Balanchine's best works (Stravinsky's "Apollo" and *"Danses Concertantes,"* Tchaikovsky's *"Serenade"*) are those where his probing of the music is so keen and so alive to the composer's intention as to make programmatic arguments superfluous—the music "explains" the choreography, and vice versa.

For this reviewer, *"Danses Concertantes"* was an eminently successful work: good to listen to and look at, with dazzling costumes by Berman; and "Ballet Academy," on a slighter scale, was another. No plot, no story, no nothin'. Just dancing . . . but what bright, stunning dances! What sparkling, dry wit! What adroit handling of

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musical and choreographic materials! After all, one does not look for Daumier's humanity in a Persian miniature, nor judge ceramics with the esthetic yardstick preserved for El Greco. Nor must our undeviating admiration for Antony Tudor's approach to ballet problems blind us to the fact that ballet can be, and has been, enriched by other more objective currents—neo-classic in form—which give variety, rather than depth, to the developing art of the dance. FRANCIS STEUBEN.

Inside Spain

(*Continued from page 7*)

continue and will continue working in that direction for we want to help our people and to take part in their struggle.

Dr. Juan Negrin has recently declared that he is willing to reach an agreement with the other Republican forces. This attitude is welcomed by the other Republicans and has given ground for the hope that Negrin's arrival in America may help to solve the present situation of division among the Spanish anti-fascists in exile. There are still numerous difficulties to be overcome before this unity can be achieved, mainly as the result of the political behavior of the *Junta Espanola de Liberacion*. In particular, Indalecio Prieto, one of its original founders, retards the growth of unity by means of the harmful and dangerous issue of anti-Communism. The desire for unity is very strong among the Republicans in exile, because they understand that this is not a matter for debate but a fundamental necessity for the success of the struggle.

In Spain the perspectives are that the Spanish people, under the leadership of the Supreme Council, are ready to increase their efforts in opposition to Franco until at last there is unleashed a full national insurrection, which will give to the Spaniards the freedom to decide their own political destiny. In exile, the majority of the Spanish Republicans are striving toward full participation in the fight of the Spanish people, seeking the help and sympathy of all the Americas and of all freedom-loving people everywhere, so that a democratic regime may be reestablished in Madrid. The contribution from the outside to the struggle of our people is increasing notably.

The next few months promise to be decisive in Spain's history, as much because of the eagerness of the Spaniards to overthrow their dictator at home as because of the perspectives of victory for the armies of the United Nations.

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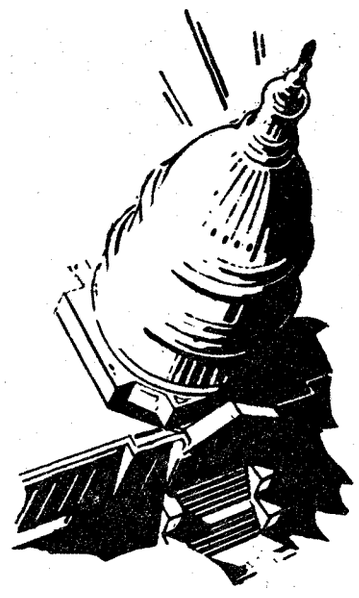

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